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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

Vol. CCIII, No. 2650
NOVEMBER 25, 1950

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This rider needs no proof, for here
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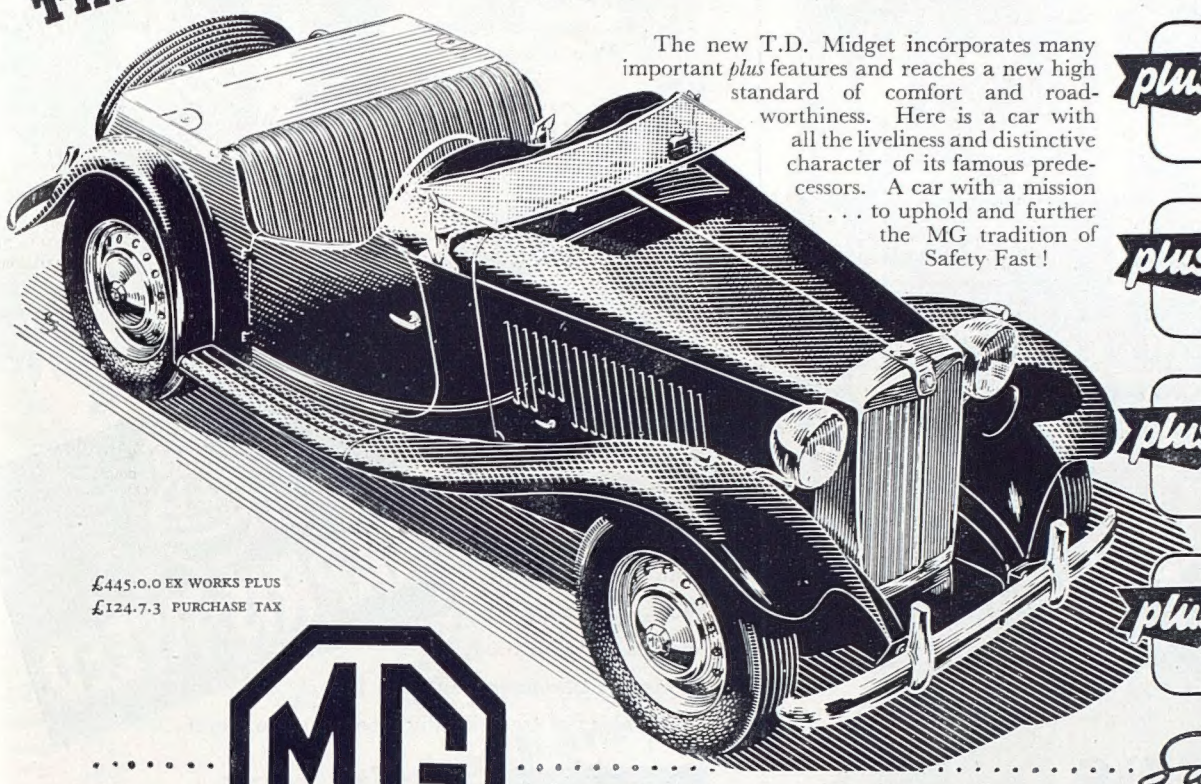

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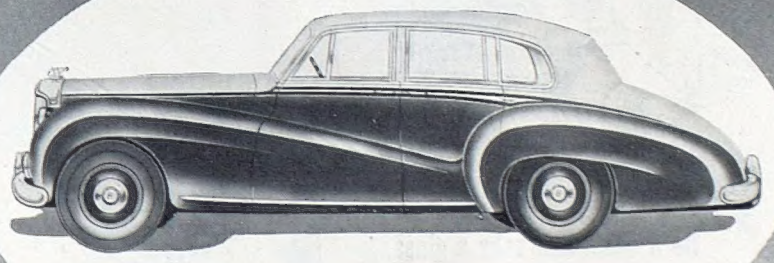

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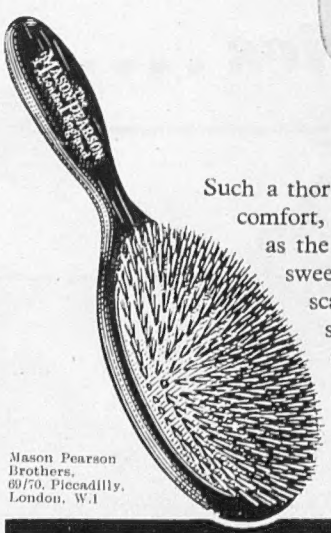


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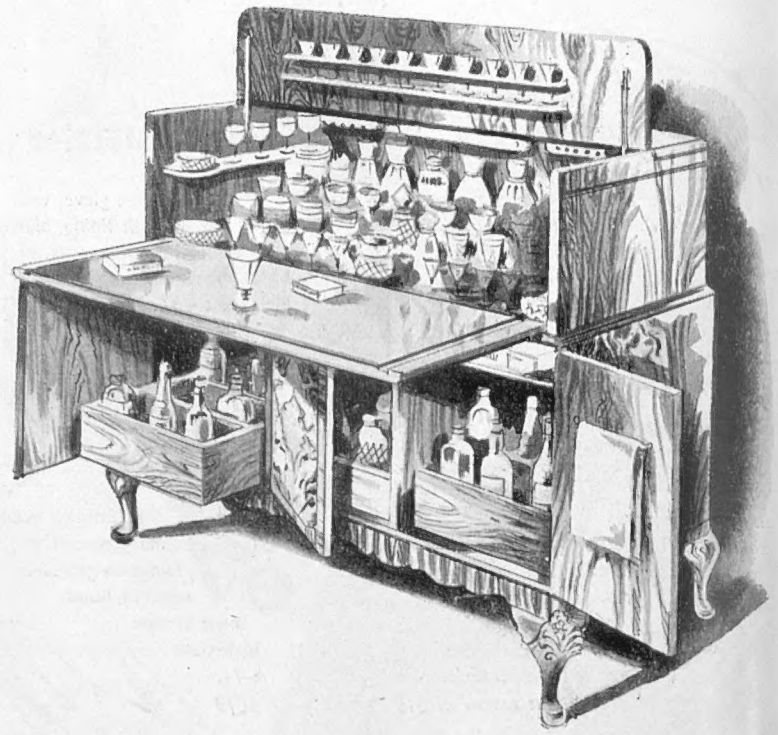
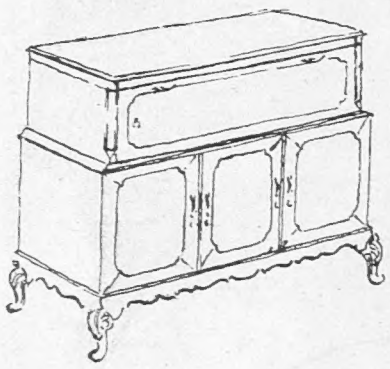
Special orders to match customers' own furniture can be accepted within limits.

*Silver, Ground Floor*





The contents of the above model are of fine English cut-glass and include 1 cocktail shaker, 1 double-ended measure, 1 cut-glass olive bowl, cherry jar, bitters bottle, biscuit box, water jug, 2 decanters, 2 dishes, 8 liqueur glasses, 8 cocktail glasses, 8 sherry glasses, 8 wine glasses, 6 whiskey glasses, 6 tumblers, 1 recipe book.

Two sliding cellarette drawers, 2 sliding shelves, an ordinary drawer, two shelves, and a towel rail.

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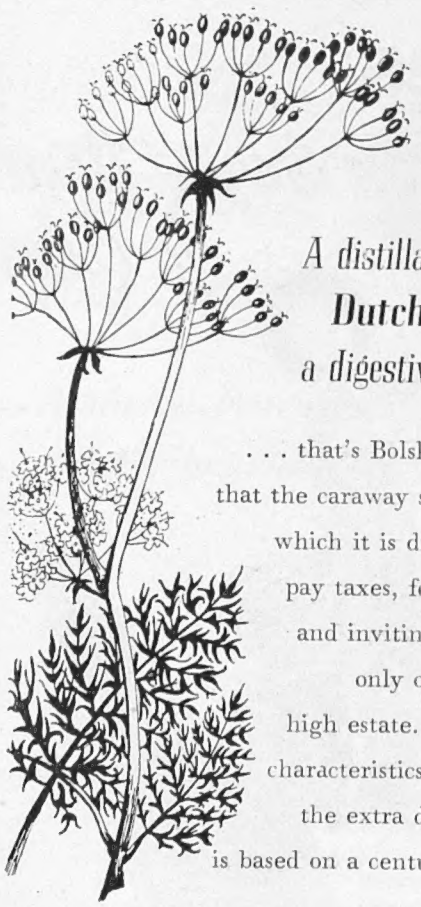

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*Other Bols liqueurs include Apricot Bols, Cherry Bols and Dry Orange Curaçao.*

Volume CCIII No. 2650 The SPHERE, London, November 25, 1950

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

**AN HISTORIC CEREMONY AT THE SUMMIT OF SALISBURY'S SPIRE—A CYLINDER CONTAINING A FOIL OF ENGRAVED COPPER BEING INSERTED IN THE CAPSTONE: THE FOIL BEARS A RECORD OF RESTORATION WORK CARRIED OUT THIS YEAR TO THE TOP 25 FT. OF THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE: The inscription, signed by the Bishop, the Dean, the Canons, the architect and all engaged in the work of restoration, is protected with an acid-resisting composition.**

The news that the famed spire of Salisbury Cathedral was in a state of decay and disintegration came as a profound shock when it was announced by the Cathedral architect in the spring of this year. The architect, emphasising the urgency of the matter, went so far as to say that unless the damage was soon remedied it might become very dangerous and would lead ultimately to the destruction of the Cathedral. His words were duly heeded, and Salisbury's appeal for £100,000 was at once launched, £8,000 coming in within the first week. The work of restoration, which is costing £30,000, was put in hand immediately, and to-day it can be said that this miracle of Medieval building has now been saved. The whole tower, with its internal arches, its two further stages and the spire is indeed one of the most remarkable feats of building of all time. In modern engineering a load of 6 tons to the square foot would be deemed a safe calculation, yet the weight of the piers carrying the tower and spire at Salisbury indicates that there are over 20 tons to the square foot on the gravel soil.

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# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

**Response to Russia.**—It is not often that I (or any other weekly journalist) can claim to be "first with the news," and it is rare enough to hear one's "words of wisdom" repeated almost verbatim in Parliament by pundits. Nevertheless, that rare occasion came to me when Lord Salisbury made his sensible and realistic appeal to the Government not to turn down Russia's request for Four-Power talks with a flat negative. This appeal from Lord Salisbury was hailed as sheer courage and plain sense; it clearly impressed the Lord Chancellor, whose acceptance in principle of Lord Salisbury's argument was described as reasonable and co-operative. Such nice adjectives are not bestowed on ink-slingers. But the ink-slinger, who for once gets in first with the big idea, may (if he please) derive some satisfaction from the crumbs that fall from the masters' table. If the pen is mightier than the sword, the tongue is mightier than the pen.

**Home Guard.**—The Government has made up its mind about the re-formation of a Home Guard. It has decided not to make up its mind. Until the burning minute breaks, the new H.G. is to consist of thirty Field Marshals and no privates. When the burning minute does break, Civil Defence may be emasculated by the defection of thousands of its key men who prefer—despite their past experience—the possibilities of a semi-military organisation. (But will they be allowed the option to switch, when the time comes?) And the Government—having failed to make up its mind—has let slip one hint. If ever the H.G. is reconstituted, it will be the mixture as before—"Form fours, eyes right, general salute," and so on; nothing of the guerilla, local, underground movement, suicide-squad type. It will be the old Army pattern, heavily weighted at the top with Staff officers, Liaison officers and temporary full Colonels with red tabs; and the rustic moralist will be taught to die by means of instruction in ceremonial parades and arms inspections on his village recreation ground. Remember the grand old slogans: "*We've got to be prepared.*" "*Join the Home Guard now.*" It might appear that the Government has killed two birds (H.G. and C.D.) with a single, deadly discharge of blank. "Join the W.P.B. and trust in God and your Government."

**Mines Man-power.**—I fancy that our coal-mine economy is a pretty serious problem. We do not export any considerable proportion of our output, and even that proportion must be cut this year. Our man-power continues to decline, despite a slight improvement in recruiting. "Some thousands" of miners have left to join the Forces, many more thousands have switched to surface employment, and sackings for incorrigible absenteeism average 6,000 to 7,000 a year. An inquiry is now going on into the causes of miners leaving the pits. In an era of "full employment," a number of such causes (prime causes) seem obvious to the layman. If a man can earn his £10 a week in the building trade or unskilled engineering (as scores of village boys do), it must occur to many a coal-miner (not of the hereditary aristocracy of that vital industry) that a place in the sun (when it shines) and a better 'ole offering less discomfort and danger are apparently theirs for the asking. For my part, I cannot imagine any reasons likely to-day to draw and hold men in the pits, except hereditary pride and tradition, love of home where it happens to be in an exclusively mining area, and perhaps the companionship-in-recreation of his fellow-workers. Patriotism? There is no cheaper inducement which harassed Governments can hold out. But even patriotism is usually rewarded materially with cash or ribbons. Patriotism alone is "not enough," except with the supermen. And now we are promised a very long-term plan, involving astronomical millions, for the modernisation and re-equipment of the industry on a national scale. Fifteen years hence, it may be, atomic energy may be the source of much of the power and heat which now depends on coal dug out of our soil. But those fifteen years will be years of increasing peril.

**FAREWELL TO A GREAT AMBASSADOR—ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S, MR. LEWIS DOUGLAS WAS DECORATED BY THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR: Mr. Lewis Douglas, wearing the Legion of Honour, Mrs. Douglas, and Miss Sharman Douglas at the French Embassy, after the ceremony performed by M. René Massigli. The next day Mr. Douglas sailed for New York in the liner *Queen Elizabeth*. During the last days in this country, Mr. Douglas and his family were entertained by the Royal Family and by the Government. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were both present at a farewell party given by Miss Douglas at the American Ambassador's residence in Prince's Gate, Kensington.**

**Conscripts and Their Parents.**—It is my belief that conscription would be more popular in England if the parents of conscript boys were treated by the Army authorities as parents and not as (in the last instance) the conscript's "next of kin." Why is the Army so contemptuous of that "family life" which statesmen declare is our moral safeguard? Of course, more than half the boys of eighteen called up have been in a job for perhaps two years. Of the remainder the majority come straight from schools where their conduct and progress have at least thrice a year been reported in careful detail to their parents. They go into the Army, still mere children in their parents' eyes, and from that moment they are, as far as the Army is interested and concerned, adult orphans. Is the parent never to hear how his boy gets on, whether he is to be considered for a commission, why he is rejected, in what fields he has shown promise or failure? Or are parents to be regarded as totally uninterested alike in military training and in their children's progress and ultimate destination overseas? The thing hits me in the eye. It is such a confession of inhumanity, such a crass failure to grasp an opportunity to make us nationally defence-minded. I suppose the system works well enough with healthy, normal, robust boys. They grin and bear it when treated as robots, half as convicts, half as private-schoolboys, their heads shaved, their teeth pulled out and needles driven into their bodies for immunisation against half-a-dozen diseases. But what of the nervous, the problem child, with anti-vaccination or anti-inoculation traditions, and with parents perhaps labelled as "cranks?" The little experience I have of conscription is quite favourable. The boys engaged in their service trick are happy enough under kind and considerate officers and N.C.O.s. But their *parents* are totally ignored. I suppose there is no Army P.R.O. with time to tell me why parents are totally disregarded, or whether at any period of service they are advised or consulted by the Army authorities, other than in the event of serious illness, injury or war casualty? There is no dispute that conscript service usually interrupts the youth's period of education, whether for a trade or in a course of higher education ending in a university. And the Army authorities give lip-service to the principle that Army training *is* educational, as, indeed, it should be. If the parent's knowledge of his son's leanings, virtues and failings is of value to his house-master or tutor (as it certainly is), it is difficult to justify the total neglect of that useful advice by his military tutors, unless Army lip-service to educational value is total ballyhoo. For my part, I see no excuse and no difficulty and every kind of value in establishing the principle of annual communication and consultation between parents and C.O. as regards the progress and characteristics of the conscript boys.

**Armchair Prize-fight.**—My object in listening, as I sometimes do, to a running commentary on a prize-fight is the pleasure I derive from the efforts of the commentators. I enjoy the ring jargon, giggle at the repetitions and stop-gap comments, and know usually no more about the course of the fight (until the referee gives his verdict) than if I had not listened. On the occasion of the Woodcock-Gardner fight, I thought that I was benefiting from the eye-witnesses' comments, for they certainly led me to believe that Woodcock had the Belt well in hand, biding his time for the kill, at least until the ninth round. Now it appears that the "Doncaster boy's" right punch was mere flip-flap, that Gardner was easily in front in the first five rounds, and that he practically achieved his victory one-handed, his right being seldom used except for defence, and the issue being never in doubt. For me, then, it was an armchair fight in the dark. But not for the doughty champions who hammered away and took heavy punishment from start to finish in the glare of the spotlight. When television is universal and efficient, perhaps I shall find armchair fighting instructive. Words alone are utterly inadequate to give a picture of a fast and furious glove fight. All that a running commentary can achieve is to prove how very silly speech can be. It can be, and was, about as ridiculous as is the sight of couples dancing when one cannot hear the music which inspires their movements.

**New Light on Old Subjects.**—I have sometimes thought and said that too many books may be written on the same subjects, books which in so far as they provide no new facts or light are redundant as a contribution to truth or history, though they may be valuable as literature. One at least of Lytton Strachey's famous books could be cited as an example. *Elizabeth and Essex*, beautifully written, was historically an accurate transcript of D.N.B.'s notice of Essex. Not a fact left out, not a fact added. And in the years between the wars there was a spate of biographies of such favourites as Charles II, Byron and Nelson which, well or ill-written, contributed no new data. Now the autumn turns to winter and the time comes for collecting new books for the fireside. Despite the austerities, there is a fine range to choose from, and I select a few on old subjects which quite patently are as valuable for the new light they throw on their subjects as for their literary merit. Clearly the attics and the strong-rooms of private houses had *not* yet given up their hoards even after one or two centuries. *Mrs. Arbuthnot*, for example. In the Wellington-Bamford editing of her diaries, the tardy truth emerges as to her relations with the Iron Duke and her innocence is at last established. In Cecil Smith's *Florence Nightingale*, her subject's private and family life, with all its tragedy, came forth after a century in detail and with authority sufficient to convince. In Margaret Kennedy's little study of *Jane Austen*, for the first time a woman succeeds in appraising Jane, and, making good use of the researches of a score of men, manages to convince us that *so it was* with Miss Austen, that the definitive word has been said on her art and daily life from the scant data available. And then there is Arthur Bryant's final volume of his Napoleonic trilogy, his *Age of Elegance*. It is not a new theme; it has been the scene of a thousand major excursions into fact-finding. I suppose I have read a score of careful accounts of the Battle of Waterloo by eyewitnesses and military experts, but never before have I understood the tactics and troop movements of that famous field; and no other historian has more clearly convinced me that in the Napoleonic War era, with all our national barbarity and social injustices, our race lived out its finest hours and enjoyed a higher average degree of contentment and happiness than in any other era, unless the Elizabethan.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE THAT CAUSED A SENSATION AT THE OPENING OF THE EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT—KING FAROUK LISTENS WHILE MUSTAFA EL NAHAS PASHA, THE PRIME MINISTER, READS THE SPEECH WHICH, AMONG OTHER THINGS, DEMANDED THE EVACUATION OF BRITISH TROOPS AND THE UNIFICATION OF THE NILE VALLEY UNDER THE EGYPTIAN CROWN: Before the opening of Parliament King Farouk had driven from the Abdin Palace through streets lined with soldiers and citizens.

# KING FAROUK ATTACKS BRITAIN

## IN THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE AT THE OPENING OF EGYPT'S PARLIAMENT

King Farouk I, tenth ruler of the Dynasty of Mohamed Ali, whose rather breathless progress in the realm of foreign affairs has met with severe reverses from time to time, delivered a Speech from the Throne at the opening of the second session of the Egyptian Parliament which was obviously intended to appeal to Nationalist sentiment without being too dangerously downright. Referring to Anglo-Egyptian relations, the Speech said: "My Government considers that the 1936 Treaty has lost its validity as a basis for Anglo-Egyptian relations, and it deems it inevitable that it should be abrogated. It is also necessary that future relations should be founded upon new principles which you should approve—immediate and complete evacuation and the unification of the Nile Valley under the Egyptian crown. My Government further proclaims that it will not deviate from its insistence on these principles, and firmly believes that their recognition by the British would ensure stability, security and peace in the whole of the Middle East."

CHAUVINISM FROM THE EGYPTIAN THRONE—KING FAROUK PROCLAIMS THE NATIONAL OBJECTIVES: *Left*—The King listening to the Speech as it was being read by his Prime Minister. *Right*—The King handing the text of the Speech to the Premier, Nahas Pasha. Although the Speech constituted an attack on Britain, in that it urged the necessity for denouncing the 1936 Treaty, it was noted that there was no actual denunciation, and it seems that it was drafted to allow the widest possible interpretation while appealing at the same time to Nationalist sentiment.

PRINCESS MARGARET ATTENDS A TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY DISPLAY—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE BRADY GIRLS' SETTLEMENT CLUB, STEPNEY: The Princess was greeted by the Mayor of Stepney, Mr. Fred Shearing, and presented with a bouquet by ten-year-old Evelyn Yarrow. For this occasion she wore a short blue taffeta dress. She left the club at ten o'clock and an hour later arrived, dressed in an evening gown, at the farewell party given by Miss Sharman Douglas.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH ARRIVES FOR MISS SHARMAN DOUGLAS'S FAREWELL PARTY: party was given at the Ambassador's official residence in Prince's Gate, Kens ton, and was attended by seventy-two guests. Princess Elizabeth was dres in a deep rose taffeta evening gown with a three-quarter-length ermine c

# THE PRINCESSES' BUSY WEEK

## THEY BOTH ATTEND THE FAREWELL PARTY GIVEN BY MISS SHARMAN DOUGLAS

### Princess Elizabeth at Swindon; Princess Margaret at Stepney

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO SWINDON—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IN THE GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE: The Princess is accompanied by the Mayor of Swindon, Alderman J. Bond, during her walk through the garden, which she had just declared open. The visit coincided with the borough's jubilee celebrations. The Princess was given an enthusiastic welcome during the tour.

Last week Princess Elizabeth travelled down to Swindon for a one-day visit in connection with the jubilee celebrations of the borough and opened a Garden of Remembrance and the new Moredon playing fields. She also paid a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Willmott on the new Moredon Council House Estate. In the afternoon, after lunch at the Town Hall, she accepted some children's gifts for Prince Charles and Princess Anne. Later, Princess Elizabeth went to the Swindon Locomotive Works and named an engine *Swindon*, a model of which was given her as a souvenir. Then followed a ride on a *Princess Elizabeth* engine.

OFF TO SWINDON STATION—PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON THE FOOTPLATE AN ENGINE BEARING HER NAME: She drove the engine from locomotive works during her visit to the borough. While at works Princess Elizabeth saw her name cast in a sand m

RINCESS MARG T SAYS "GOOD-BYE" TO MISS SHARMAN DOUGLAS AFTER THE FAREWELL PARTY: For this s d engagement on the same evening the Princess wore a gown of black lace. Miss Dou wore a blue tulle crinoline. Dancing went on until the early morning.

**THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER LEAVES FOR SPAIN: Miss Sharman Douglas with Miss Elizabeth Firestone, flew to Madrid to take part in a film before joining the retiring Ambassador and his wife in the United States next month. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left London on November 16.**

Just before the retiring Ambassador, Mr. Lewis Douglas, returned home to the United States, his twenty-two-year-old daughter, Sharman, gave a farewell party at the Ambassador's official residence in Kensington. Princess Elizabeth was an early arrival at the party, but Princess Margaret, who had had another engagement in the East End, did not arrive until about eleven o'clock. Dancing was in the blue ballroom. Princess Elizabeth left at 1.30 and the party broke up at 4.

RINCESS MARGARET AT THE OFFICERS' HOSPITAL IN BEAUMONT STREET, LONDON, W.1: The Princess arrives at the King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers. For this afternoon visit Princess Margaret wore a coffee-coloured suit, trimmed with fur. She was attended by Miss Jennifer Bevan.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS: Her Royal Highness in South-west London for the Exhibition and Sale of Work by War Disabled ex-Servicemen. Through the glass window-front in the Brompton Road, a group of rainwear-clad people watch Princess Elizabeth as she is shown some of the fine embroidery work in the Exhibition. In the evening of the same day Princess Elizabeth went with a party to the Piccadilly Theatre to see the current play *His Excellency*.

# ISRAEL AND THE "LAW OF RETURN"

## The Prime Minister's Aim for 600,000 More Immigrants by 1953

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THIRTY months ago the Jews won a war. They surprised most people outside Israel by defeating the converging Arabs. This they did—according to their own experts—thanks to the interplay of six main causes.

(1) The strategic frontiers provided by the country-wide Jewish settlements—outcome of the Zionist "back-to-the-land" mystique. (2) Stubborn courage of the settlers, products of the same mystique. (3) Ruthless initiative of the independent Irgun units, likewise spurred by extreme racial reactions. (4) Arms from Czechoslovakia. (5) British non-intervention. (6) Arab incompetence.

The turn of events in Israel prompts one to wonder if the Jews of Palestine may not be in some danger of being swamped in peacetime by that self-same mystique which seems to have stood them in such good stead in time of war.

A variety of reasons can be adduced for the severe governmental crisis that has assailed Israel, and which, at this writing, has led to the calling up of reserves of the three services.

Inflation and the high cost of living are driving even judges to threaten resignation. The withering grip of an archaic Church influence has not ceased to bedevil politics. A black market has arisen, reminiscent of liberated Western capitals in 1945. The decision to side with the United Nations, over Korea, has ignited the no-small Stalinist element. Austerity rears its Loch Ness head.

Yet all this collection backs aside beside the workings of the "Law of Return"—*Kibbutz Galuyoth*—the Ingathering of the Exiles.

**THE PRIME MINISTER OF ISRAEL WITH HIS NEW CABINET: They are, left to right—Yaacov Geri (Minister of Trade and Industry, not formerly in Parliament); Behor Shalom Shitreet (Minister of Police); Pinhas Lubianiker (Minister of Agriculture, new in Government); Dr. Dev Joseph (Minister of Communications); David Remez (Minister of Education and Culture); President Chaim Weizmann; David Ben-Gurion (Prime Minister and Minister of Defence); Rabbi Yehuda Leib Maimon (Minister for Religious Affairs and War Sufferers); Pinhas Rosen (Minister of Justice); Moshe Shapiro (Minister of Interior, Health and Immigration); Rabbi Jitzchak Meir Levin (Minister of Welfare). Also in the Cabinet are Mr. Sharrett, Mrs. Golda Meyerson and Eliezer Kaplan (respectively Foreign Minister, Minister of Labour and Social Insurance, and Finance Minister). Mr. Kaplan has been in the United States trying to arrange loans from both Government and private sources. At the time of the formation of the new Cabinet, there seemed to be little hope of any loan being arranged. Meanwhile it is reported from Israel that people there are becoming extremely worried about the economic implications of the uncertain internal situation.**

"Next year in Jerusalem"; "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning" has run the pledge to return, taken each year for 2,000 years by the Jews of the Diaspora.

Such an authority as Mr. Arthur Koestler thought it would be a return to normal. In *Promise and Fulfilment* his theme was that, although the Jews had developed extreme characteristics and extreme reactions from the extreme human experience that had been theirs, all would be well if only world Jewry either came to the Promised Land or gave up being Jews. The return being an imperative of the Jewish religion, to cling to the faith without returning would be hypocrisy. It would also sow anti-Semitism anew.

Now, according to last year's official figures, the total number of Jews in the world is estimated at 12,400,000, compared with 16,550,000 before the war. Obviously nobody in his senses could ever have thought that the former total could be packed into the confines of Israel. Then what lay behind the inspired call of "Come back to Israel, all of you, or give up being Jews"?

It looks as if what lay behind it was the notion of getting as many immigrants as possible into the new-born Jewish State within a given time-limit, as a guarantee of future military capacity to defend a maybe even bigger Israel, though outnumbered; and what has happened now is that Israel finds itself incapable of standing the strains and stresses caused by continuous intensive immigration *three full years* before this is due to end, but refuses to abandon the hunt.

The Israeli politicians refuse to cry even a temporary halt to the willed influx. They know they may be running their country on the rocks by persisting, but that mystique drives them on. It is really rather an extraordinary spectacle. Each month some 20,000 have "returned to their homeland." There is scant lodging for them, little food or clothing, and work is hard to allot, but, far from stopping the flood, the "father of modern Israel," Mr. David Ben-Gurion, thinks only of keeping it up.

The Labour Prime Minister has said that he wants 600,000 more immigrants by 1953, after which he believes the population can be more or less stabilised at about 3,500,000. Meanwhile, a race is "on" to reach that figure, a race against time and economics. And, some might add, against good sense. Indeed, Mr. Ben-Gurion admits as much when he says: "It may be politically irrational and economically not feasible. But since when has a mother refused to save her own children?"

The logical course to take would be for Israel to adapt its economy to meet the pressure of immigrants, to further plans for housing, agriculture, irrigation and light industry. But Israel intends, apparently, to fly in the face of such orthodoxy. Although on the way to bankruptcy, the drain of Israel's treasure goes on, as each immigrant costs £600 before he becomes a self-supporting unit.

Not all the cost, of course, is borne by the State. Great sums have been found in the United States. Britain has done its share. So have Jews in other countries. Yet Israel herself claims to have shouldered a staggering burden in the past few years and gives every sign of being ready to collapse rather than diverge from the set path.

Even if the money were there, it isn't any longer so easy getting the Jews.

One can visualise the world chart of Jewry in the Tel-Aviv offices, showing where Jews have fallen right away, and where they are still available.

Excluding the Soviet Union, Europe has been pretty well sucked dry. Numbers have fallen from an aggregate of 6,500,000 to 1,200,000. Examples: in the Netherlands, the Jewish population has sunk from 150,000 to 30,000; in Germany, from 500,000 to 20,000; in Poland, from 3,500,000 to 200,000. Yet Israel is still straining after 50,000 Polish Jews who signed in September to go to Palestine. Only 12,000 seem to have arrived.

There are thought to be still 400,000 possible immigrants in Iron Curtain lands, yet Israel may have to give up thinking about them as a result of her backing of the United Nations over Korea.

Israel can hardly be a Soviet satellite, because it is a maritime State within the orbit of British-American sea-power; and because it can only draw upon the Western industrial nations for the capital goods needed to develop its territory. Therefore Israel wanted to be as neutral as possible, so that Moscow should not shut the gates to emigration. But Korea intervened, and now it looks as if the brake is being put heavily down, in Moscow, on further population of Israel.

If only some of those European Jews who went off to South America after the war could be enticed back! Why, Argentina now has almost as many Jews as there are in Great Britain, with 250,000 in the urban area of Buenos Aires alone. Brazil has 110,000; Uruguay, 37,000; Venezuela, 30,000; Chile and Mexico, 25,000 each.

The United States? Not a hope of getting more than a trickle from there at this late stage! As much was made clear by Mr. Blaustein.

Jacob Blaustein is chairman of the American Jewish Committee which has so enormously helped Israel, and recently he paid a call on Mr. Ben-Gurion. "American Jews," said Mr. Blaustein, "vigorously repudiate any suggestion or implication that they are in exile. American Jews have truly become Americans. To American Jews, America is home."

This struck at the very basis of the "Law of Return," which now means the ingathering only of those who feel themselves to be in exile, as the following reply by Mr. Ben-Gurion underlined: "We have no desire and no intention to interfere in any way with the internal affairs of Jewish communities abroad. The Government and the people of Israel fully respect the right of these communities to develop their own mode of life and their indigenous social, economic and cultural institutions, in accordance with their own needs and aspirations."

Where then are the 600,000 Jews wanted by 1953 to come from? Chiefly from Africa and Asia (the faces brighten in the Tel-Aviv offices). A million Jews are said to be seeking to get to Israel from these two continents, headed by many of Morocco's nigh 300,000 Jews. But Israel's belief is that unless most of this million, and others left over, head for Palestine soon, they may never come at all.

Israel fears a new war may immobilise those it wants so ardently, and is ready to risk its young national economy in order to bring the immigrants to Palestine. By saving and labouring and doing without, it hopes to find £187,000,000 from its own resources during the next three years. Already an austerity of British calibre has set in, and queues and shortages—all on the old familiar models. There is rationing of food and clothing; no butter whatsoever; and the beer runs out at week-ends.

Of necessity, a comparable black market has been growing. This was foreseen, as Jews are not the people to do without good food and other "comforts" if they can come by them. The real blow came lately when black marketing was found to have secured a firm hold in the collective settlements, which had been considered models of morality.

Taking extraordinary powers, Mr. Ben-Gurion ordered checks on roads, stores and houses. Haifa has become a special tribunal centre, and merchants and businessmen, taking alarm, have rushed to declare and legalise their goods. But few can afford to buy some of them, Scotch at £12 a bottle being an example at the "luxury" end. Reliable reports from Israel state that there is no longer any confidence in the Israel currency, and that the Israeli pound, nominally at par with the pound sterling, is now quoted on the unofficial market at two-and-a-half to the pound.

How is it all going to end?

The Arabs have quite made up their minds. They say the time must come when Israel will have to seek more living-room; that this State can never support 3,500,000 people within its present borders. And when that time comes—well, the Arab States will be readier than they were in 1948.

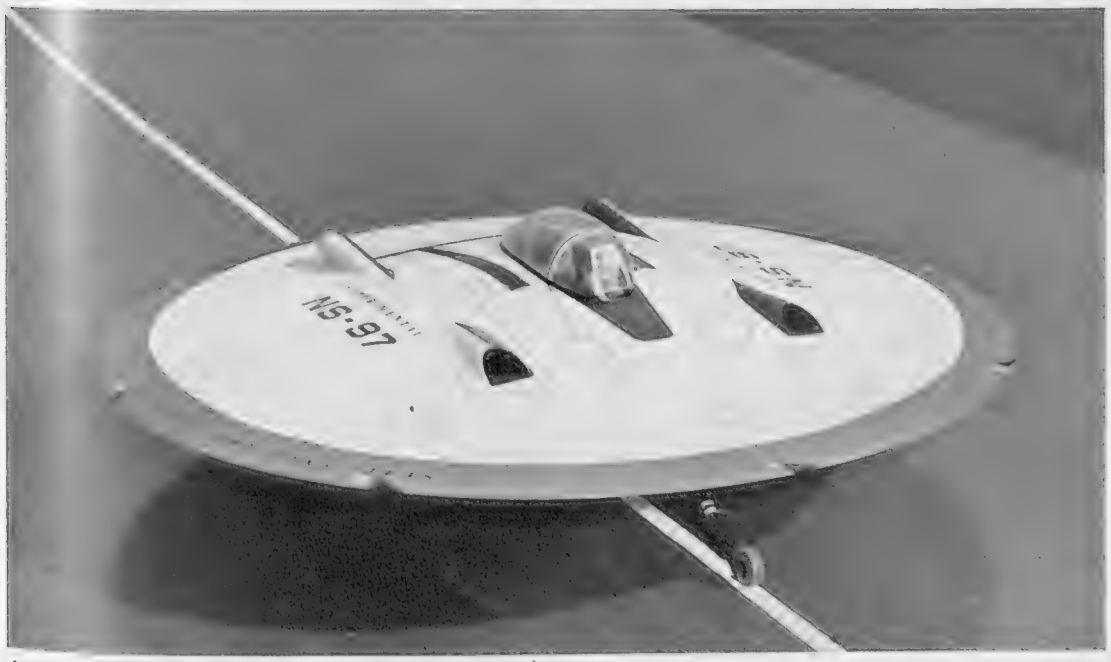
To this, the Israeli heartily demur. They say that the only real obstacle to feeding such a population is lack of irrigation, on which £200,000,000 requires to be spent. If this sum can be raised, in addition to what is needed from abroad to pay for the immigrants to come, the 850,000 acres now under cultivation could be expanded to 1,250,000.

Israel is relying on American Jewry, to the end that the Jewish mystique, less the full realisation of the "Law of Return," shall be accomplished. But the Americans have so many calls upon them these days—they fell behind by £500,000 on last year's aid to Israel—that the likely situation of this State in 1953 is difficult indeed to guess.

# AVIATION DEVELOPMENTS in the UNITED STATES

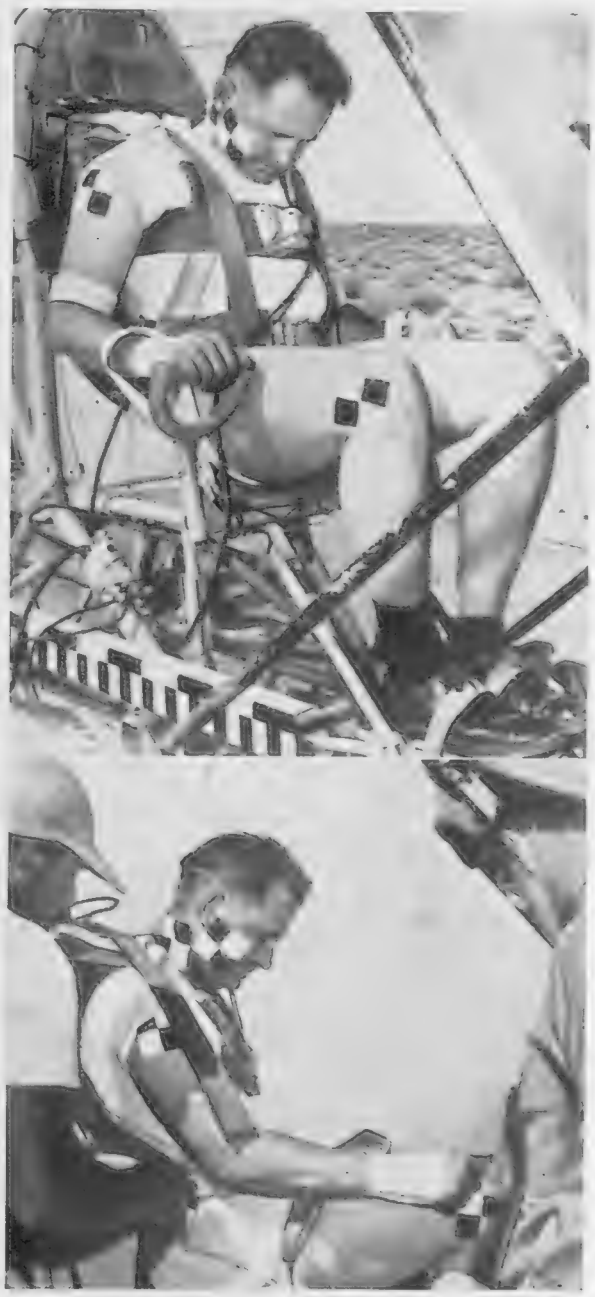
## Flying-boats, "Flying Saucers," and the Safety Harness Tests

THE GIANT FLYING-BOATS WHICH ARE HELPING THE U.N. SURFACE FLEETS IN THE KOREAN WAR: Hoisting one of the big Mariner aircraft aboard a seaplane tender for routine maintenance work. The task of seeking out and destroying mines is a new role for the anti-submarine patrol planes of World War II: out in the Far East the big Mariner aircraft of Patrol Squadrons 42 and 47 have already proved their worth in destroying thirty-eight mines sown in the seas around Korea. The U.S.S. *Curtiss*, a large seaplane tender, keeps the big Martins flying on their daily sector searches: the task of hoisting a 50,000-lb. aircraft on to the deck is routine work for the skilled personnel on board the carrier. In addition to the big seaplane tenders, smaller vessels are also employed: these operate from Korean inlets, and they often run risk entering mine-strewn waters to give service to the aircraft engaged on mine patrols.




A REPLICA OF A "FLYING SAUCER": A small, non-working model built by an American engineering graduate for a museum in New York. Nick Stasino, an engineering graduate of the Northrop Aeronautical Institute in Hawthorne, California, has built this model "flying saucer" for a museum in New York, where it will take its place as a symbol of this present age. Labelled "Experimental N.S. 97," this design of what a "saucer" might really look like has a gyroscopic revolving outer disc containing eight turbo-jet ports. On the centre stationary section of the disc, which houses the pilot's cockpit, two main jet installations would provide the push. Power for the eight jet ports would be taken from the one centre source in the inner section, turning the outer disc clockwise. The craft is considered to be aerodynamically practical, and it is believed it would fly if constructed. No production plans are in the offing, however.

SAFETY HARNESS FOR AIRMEN IS TESTED OUT ON A ROCKET SLED IN THE UNITED STATES: Major John B. Stapp, of the U.S. Air Force Medical Service, testing the new harness at Muroc, in California. (*See note below.*)



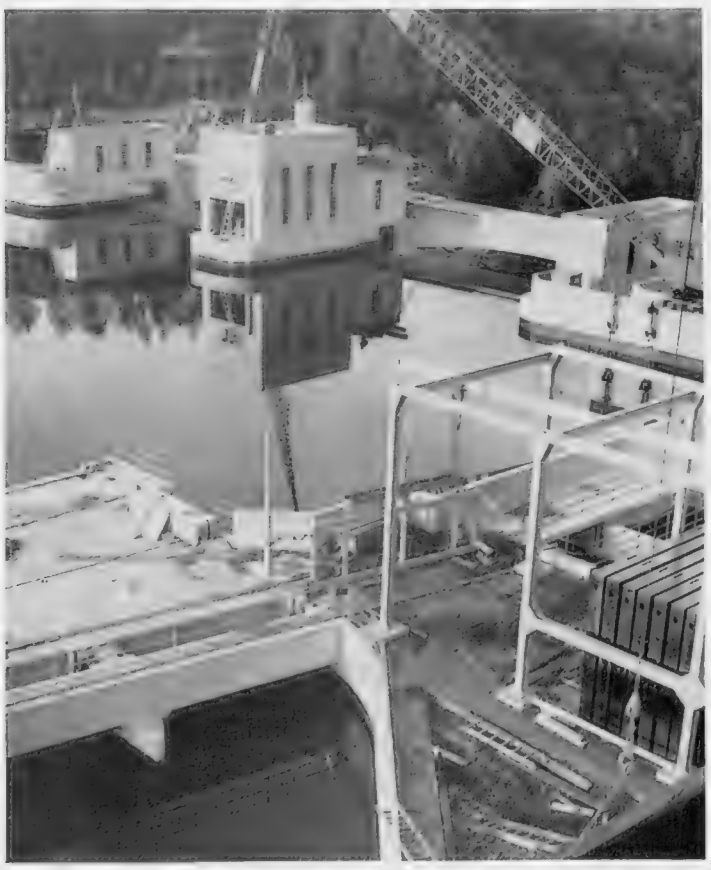
AT THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF THE ROCKET SLED TESTS RECENTLY CARRIED OUT IN CALIFORNIA TO TEST SPECIAL NEW SAFETY HARNESS FOR AIRMEN: The three pictures reproduced here were taken at Muroc, California, where Major John B. Stapp, an Air Force doctor, underwent tests at the Edwards Air Force Base in a rocket-driven sled. After three rockets shoot up the sled to 177 m.p.h. in five seconds within 500 ft., special brakes cut the speed down to 150 m.p.h. and 70 m.p.h. in a split second, and then to an abrupt stop. In the top picture, the rocket sled is seen hitting special brakes at the end of the ride on the rails: Major Stapp's body has been thrust forward with a force 38·1 times greater than that of gravity for a split second. In the second picture Major Stapp is seen as he braced himself in the sled at the beginning of the test. The lower picture was taken as he was unbuckled at the end of the ride. The patches on knee, arm and face make it possible for the camera to take pictures. The Major's bandaged arm indicates where his wrist was broken twice as he went through his terrific slow-down

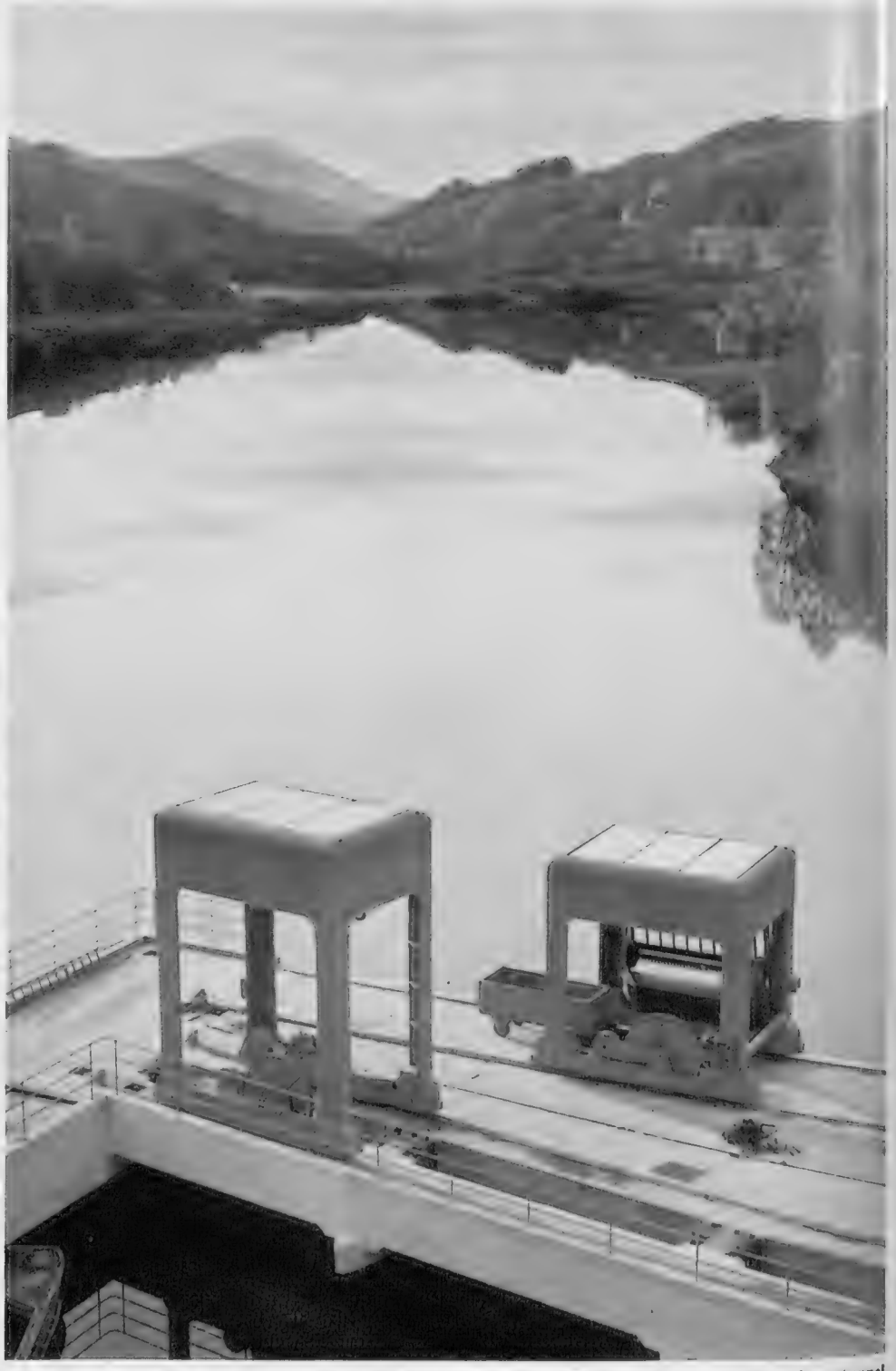
**LOOKING ACROSS THE NEW LOCH ABOVE PITLOCHRY DAM: The loch has come into being above what was formerly the Pitlochry recreation ground, land which is now 50 ft. below the surface. Electricity will soon be generated at Pitlochry, and so another section of the great Tummel-Garry scheme will come into operation. The water used at the Pitlochry power station will be the same as that which passes through the Clunie turbines farther upstream.**

# NEW LOCHS UPON THE FACE OF SCOTLAND

## ANOTHER GREAT HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME NEARS COMPLETION

Only a few weeks ago the Queen set in motion the giant turbines at Inveruglas, by the shores of Loch Lomond, and one of Scotland's most ambitious new power schemes was duly inaugurated. Now at Clunie and Pitlochry another scheme is well on the way towards completion. This is probably the most spectacular of all the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's twenty-four schemes, and relates to the River Tummel, in Perthshire. The river has been dammed at Clunie and the water is being carried to the power station through a tunnel bored for two miles through solid rock. There is another dam at Pitlochry, also on the verge of completion, and the water which drives the turbines at Clunie will be used again at the Pitlochry power station. Before reaching Clunie the water is used at both Rannoch and Tummel Bridge, and when the Errochty power station comes into being in 1952 or 1953 it will be used there as well. So it will be seen that the Scottish engineers are wasting nothing. When the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board first proposed this mighty power project there was an impulse locally and nationally to oppose it. Inevitably the Board won the argument, and it appears also that they have won over local opinion. The new lochs which have been formed are an obvious tourist attraction, and these new projects, bringing industries to areas that have long been languishing, are calculated to transform the face of the Highlands in the course of a generation.





**CLUNIE DAM AND THE NEWLY-MADE LOCH WHICH STRETCHES BEHIND IT: The water from the new loch at Clunie is being carried to the Clunie Power Station via a tunnel bored in Cammoch Hill, a rocky outcrop which presented some vast engineering problems for the drilling teams, which were engaged for two years in piercing it from end to end, a distance of nearly two miles. The picture *on the right* shows the machinery controlling the inflow at the entrance to the Cammoch tunnel.**

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE TAKES THE SALUTE AFTER HIS INSTALLATION—LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GORDON H. A. MACMILLAN, GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING, SCOTTISH COMMAND, AT THE MARCH PAST ON THE CASTLE ESPLANADE: The installation ceremony took place before the Castle gates, where Sir Gordon's Commission of Appointment was read by the Lord Lyon King of Arms, Sir Thomas Innes of Learney.

*In the Scottish Capital*

# A New Governor is Installed in EDINBURGH CASTLE

## Lieut.-General Sir Gordon MacMillan Receives the Keys Before the Castle Gates

More than 200 troops, with the massed pipes and drums of the Lowland and Highland Brigade Training Centres, the military band of the Royal Scots and trumpeters of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers were on parade when Lieut.-General Sir Gordon H. A. MacMillan arrived to be installed as Governor of Edinburgh Castle. He was received with a general salute by the Royal Scots.—Lord Lyon King of Arms, Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, then read his Commission of Appointment, dated February 1949 and superscribed by the King. From the Esplanade the Lord Lyon proceeded to the Castle gates, where, having explained his mission, handed to the Commandant a "just double" of the summons. Carrick Pursuivant, Mr. J. Monteith Grant, then walked across the drawbridge, knocked thrice on the gate and delivered the document. The gates were then opened and the Key party, under the command of Captain J. Lee Parnell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, marched out of the Castle and on to the Esplanade. The keys were then presented to the eighty-third Governor, Lieut.-General MacMillan.

PAGEANTRY WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: The new Governor, Sir Gordon MacMillan, accompanied by Lady MacMillan, and headed by the Lord Lyon, enters the Castle during the ceremony of installation.

THE "KEY PARTY" ADVANCES TO MEET THE NEW GOVERNOR: The Lord Lyon King of Arms, centre of picture, leads the Key party down the Esplanade to meet the new Governor at the Castle gates. The keys were then handed to Sir Gordon MacMillan, who returned them for safe keeping to the officer commanding the troops in the Castle.

DURING THE CEREMONY ON THE CASTLE ESPLANADE—THE PRESENTATION OF THE KEYS AND THE OPENING OF THE CASTLE GATES: *On left*—The officer commanding the troops in the Castle has the keys handed over to him by Lieut.-General MacMillan. The keys were borne on a crimson-coloured cushion. *On right*—The most dramatic scene of the installation ceremony was the opening of the Castle gates. As the Lord Lyon approached he was challenged for an explanation of his mission. He then summoned the commandant and garrison "to make patent the post and gates," warning them that for failure to do so "ye shall answer at your highest peril."

# FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS SHOWN IN PICTURES

A Selection of the Latest News-photographs from Foreign Countries

**ARRIVING IN KOREA TO TAKE PART IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE COMMUNISTS : The "Flying Cheetahs" from South Africa, in Yokohama, Japan, are inspected by General Sir H. C. H. Robertson, Chief of the British Occupation Forces, after their landing on the quayside. In the background is the *Tjisande*, the vessel which brought them from Durban.**

The "Flying Cheetahs" are a volunteer South African Squadron made up from regular South African Air Force units. They arrived in Yokohama on November 4 aboard the Dutch ship *Tjisande* after a voyage from Durban lasting thirty-nine days. They will train for several weeks in Japan and will then fly to Korea, where they will operate at the front in F 51 aircraft. The 50 officers and 207 men, under the command of Commandant S. V. B. Theron, are mostly veterans of World War II.

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S TOUR OF AUSTRALIA : An informal study of Dr. Fisher (on left) in conversation with Councillor Disney, Lord Mayor of Melbourne, at the civic reception given to Dr. and Mrs. Fisher in the Town Hall.**

**THE DOCTOR-KIDNAPPER OF SANTA FE, AFTER HER ARREST AND CONFESSION :** Dr. Nancy Campbell, fifty-three-year-old prominent obstetrician, with City Police Chief Ben Martinez. She was arrested as she reached out her hand for £7,000 ransom money. She was dressed in men's clothing. In a car near by, drugged, was nine-year-old Linda, daughter of a well-to-do architect, who had been missing for twenty-four hours. Dr. Campbell said that she planned the kidnapping owing to "heavy domestic expenses."

**THE WHITE HOUSE TERRORIST GOES TO JAIL AFTER LEAVING HOSPITAL IN WASHINGTON :** Flanked by a U.S. Deputy Marshal, S. Oscar Collaza is shown, handcuffed, leaving the Gallinger Hospital on his way to the U.S. District ... shortly after a Federal Grand Jury had indicted him ... murder. Collaza, survivor of the two Puerto Rican terrorists who tried to shoot their way into Blair House to assassinate President Truman, was indicted for the slaying of White House policeman Leslie Coffelt. He was also indicted on ... charges of felonious assault in the wounding of two other guards.

**AN AMERICAN DESTROYER DAMAGED IN A RECENT COLLISION DOCKS IN BERMUDA FOR REPAIRS :** The U.S.S. *Brownson*, with part of her bow ripped off and part folded back by the force of the impact, is here seen on November 11 in dock after having made her own way for 200 miles following the collision. This occurred during Fleet manœuvres off the North Carolina coast, when the *Brownson* was involved with the U.S.S. *Roan* on November 8. Four men were killed and three injured as a result of the accident. The *Roan's* after-engine was put out of operation; and she was taken in tow by the destroyer *S. B. Roberts*.

**NEHRU GREETS THE KING OF NEPAL AFTER THE FLIGHT FROM HIS CAPITAL : With expressive gestures, the King explains his position to Nehru (right) and General Cariappa, C.-in-C. of the Indian Army.** Following on a "Palace Revolution," King Tribhuwan Bir Bikram Shah Dev fled and sought asylum in the Indian Embassy in Nepal. On November 11 he was flown in an official Indian aircraft to Delhi, with his two wives, his sons and grandsons, and other members of his family numbering twenty. He was received by Pandit Nehru, Cabinet Ministers and high officials, and was accorded all the honours of a Head of State. His three-year-old grandson has now been installed as King by the all-powerful Nepalese Prime Minister.

**THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE MEN WHO AWARD THE NOBEL PRIZES IN STOCKHOLM: The Swedish Academy in session on November 10.** Fourteen of the sixteen members of the Academy were present at this meeting to name the winners of the Nobel prizes for Literature: it was decided that the award for 1950 was to go to the British writer and philosopher Bertrand Russell (who does not use his title of Lord Russell); and that the 1949 award (held over from last year) was to go to the American novelist William Faulkner. In this picture, seated around the table from left to right, are the following members: H. S. Nyberg, Hjalmar Gullberg, Sigfrid Siwertz, Bo Bergman, Birger Ekeberg, Gustaf Hellstrom, Eliss Wessen, Anders Osterling, Sven Hedin, Per Hallstrom, Bengt Hessalman, Nils Ahnlund, Einar Lopstedt and Harry Martinsson.

**TESTING A NEW HELICOPTER SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE U.S. AIR FORCE: A close-up of the cabin of the Bell H 12, showing eight infantrymen with full equipment and the pilot.** One of the latest machines specially built for the American Air Force is this Bell helicopter. The machine can easily be converted from a troop assault, a litter, or a passenger aircraft into a cargo carrier. The doors are 50 ins. by 49 ins., and the overall height of the cargo compartment is 4 ft., with a width of 7 ft. and a depth of 3½ ft. The helicopter is powered by a 600-h.p. Pratt and Whitney engine, and it can carry eight fully-equipped infantrymen and land them within a few inches of their destination. Helicopters, it is claimed, can save foot soldiers tiring treks to forward areas and deliver them fresh and alert for instant action. Without heavy equipment, ten passengers can be accommodated in the H 12.

**A SHIP'S CONVERSION IS MADE AT LOW TIDE: The transformation from coal to oil-burning of the steamship *Aronda* having been successfully carried out, her sister-ship, the *Amra*, is now undergoing the same process in the Durban, Natal, shipyard of James Brown and Company. Here, one of the great cranes at the dockside is seen in the act of lifting out the flue from the ship's funnel—a hazardous task which, it is stated, can only be carried out at low tide. The flue weighs 10 tons and is 30 ft. in length.**

**A BRITISH COUPLE DANCE THEIR WAY TO VICTORY IN THE INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION IN MUNICH: *On left*—Gracefully swinging into a foxtrot are Archie Stevens and Doris Skelsey, both of Great Britain, who were winners of the Dance Tournament held in the Bayrischer Hof Hotel. *On right*—Niel Boel Rassmussen and Anelies Beth, both of Denmark, performing the samba in the same competition: they were placed second. The third pair were two dancers from Germany, and fourth on the list of successful competitors were two dancers from France.**

**THE MAN WHO HAS BROUGHT A NEW CREED TO AUSTRALIA: Reynaud de la Ferriere at Perth, on his way to Melbourne to launch a new "Brotherhood" centre. This thirty-four-year-old bearded Frenchman claims to be "Master" to 18,000,000 disciples of the Universal Great Brotherhood: he is to found a new centre.** His official title, he says, is Supreme Regent of the Brotherhood, which embraces every religion, but no politics. He wears a long flowing cream robe over a white jacket, loose white trousers gathered at the ankles, and sandals. He told reporters he was born in Paris, and educated in France, Belgium and Holland.

# SYDNEY'S NEW UNDERGROUND

## The Long-awaited Growth of the Suburban Railway in the Crowded City Destined to be the "Best in the World"

EVERY day for months past thousands thronging Sydney's broad Martin Place and narrow Pitt Street have heard dull, rumbling explosions coming from somewhere in the domain beyond Macquarie Street. The explosions are usually in the late morning, and they come from the twin tunnels which are being driven for 550 ft. from the Woolloomooloo side of the Domain to Martin Place. They are a part of the great £30,000,000 Eastern Suburbs railway scheme which will eventually give Sydney the best underground railway system in the world. This huge sum—bound, in this inflationary age, to be much greater before the railway is finished—does not include resumption of land or rolling-stock. For instance, 500 homes between Woolloomooloo and Bondi will be pulled down, displacing 2,000 people. (It is now twenty-eight years since the first of these people were ordered to quit their homes to make way for the railway. None of them has yet moved out.)

Seventy-one years ago a plan was drawn up for a suburban railway system and presented to the New South Wales Parliament. In 1915, thirty-six years later, an Act was passed authorising the construction of city and suburban lines. While Sydney was deep in the depression in 1932 the first underground stations were opened—Town Hall and Wynyard in mid-city, St. James's and Museum on the edge of Hyde Park. They were a part of the vast replanning of city transport routes coinciding with the opening of the Harbour Bridge.

Sydney's phenomenal post-war growth, chaotic traffic conditions (visitors have described them as the worst in the world), and the inadequate and archaic tramways service have forced the Government to take real action.

To-day there is plenty of evidence in Sydney that the job is well on the move. For nearly four years famous Circular Quay has been littered like a blitzed street. An elevated station will stand beside the Manly ferry wharves, stopping-place for Wynyard-Martin Place trains. A great concrete viaduct will run the length of the Quay. This work is nearly half-done. Twin tunnels that will link Martin Place with King's Cross are being pushed ahead at the rate of 25 ft. a week. They are now somewhere beneath Sydney Hospital. Martin Place, from Macquarie to Phillip Streets, will be closed before Christmas for the excavation of a station 80 ft. below ground. Chalmers Street, beside Central Station, is now just a huge hole,

**THE CHANGING FACE OF CIRCULAR QUAY—WHE... THE ELEVATED PORTION OF SYDNEY'S R... RAILWAY HAS CAUSED BITTER CONTROVERS...** Although most of the proposed extensions ... Sydney's Eastern Suburbs railway sche... have met with full agreement, the eleva... section at Circular Quay, just close to t... Harbour Bridge, has been the subject ... much controversy. It is from Circular Qu... that the many ferries leave on their tri... throughout the Harbour, up the Paramat... River and across to Manly. Circular Quay ... also a terminus for several tramway route...

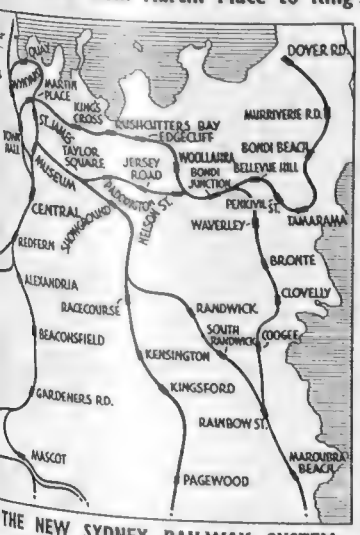
with tall buildings rising sheer from its side... This hole will one day be a two-level stati... for the trains running from Redfern to Town Ha... Eighty feet below Prince Alfred Park twin tunne... are being thrust from Redfern to Central.

No big scheme in Sydney's history has creat... more controversy. No one disputes the desper... need for more transport, no one has quarrel... with the sites of the underground stations. B... the elevated portions of the railway at Circu... Quay have been under fire ever since the Gover... ment announced its specific plans. "Circu... Quay will become our greatest eyesore," s... hundreds of Sydney citizens. After the railw... leaves King's Cross it will use a viaduct acro... Rushcutters Bay until it dives into the hill a... Edgecliff. The viaduct involves either (*a*) cutti... into the waterside park, or (*b*) demolishing th... Stadium, famous but dilapidated boxing arena... The argument waxed so hot that it became ... New South Wales State election issue this ye...

***On left*—WHERE THE PRESENT STATE RAILWA... GOES UNDERGROUND:** After leaving Sydne... Central Station the electric trains go undergro... and do not appear again until they speed on ... the Harbour Bridge, north of Wynyard Stati...

A SECTION OF THE NEW RAILWAY ALONGSIDE CENTRAL STATION, SYDNEY'S MAIN-LINE STATION SERVING THE STATE OF NEW SOUTH WALES: The huge hole on the left was once Chalmers Street, and will one day be an underground station on the new railway. The round-roof building in the background is the old Exhibition building.

BENEATH THE STREETS AND SUBURBS OF SYDNEY: *On left*—Tunnellers block their ears during blasting operations. *On right*—Fifty feet below the heart of Sydney. This tunnel will carry trains from Martin Place to King's Cross and on to Bondi, one of Sydney's famed beaches.




THE NEW SYDNEY RAILWAY SYSTEM: A sketch-map of the proposed stations on the underground.

THE CITY'S GREAT TREK HOME: A peak-hour scene at Wynyard, near George Street, when thousands of city workers make their way to homes in Sydney's suburbs. When the great Eastern Suburbs railway scheme is complete this station will be one of the busiest in the world.

DRILLING THEIR WAY UNDER THE BUSINESS AREA OF SYDNEY: Workmen are here seen blasting two parallel tunnels running under the Domain to Martin Place. Martin Place is one of the finest thoroughfares in Sydney.

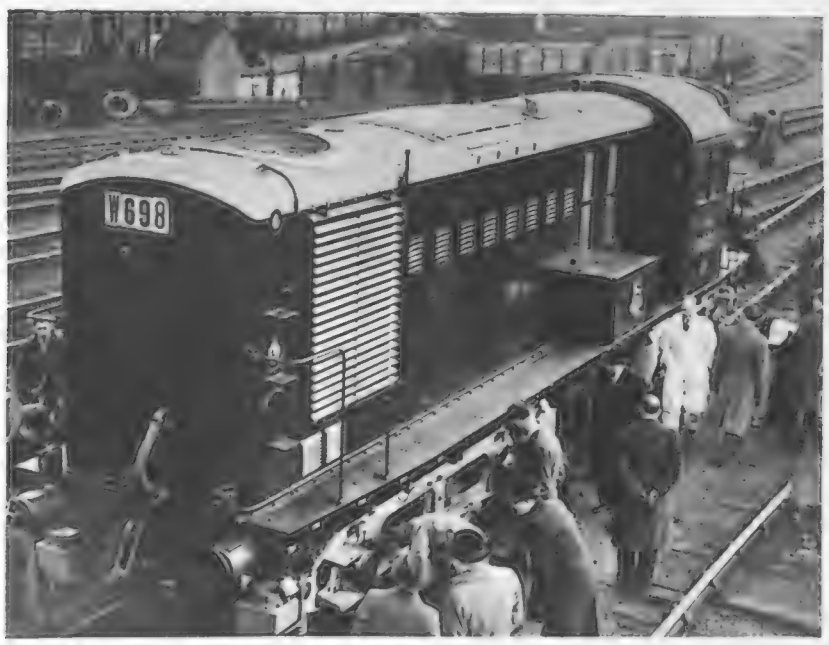
THE 10800 LEAVES EUSTON FOR A TRIAL RUN TO WATFORD: The new 827-h.p. Diesel electric locomotive did the special run in twenty minutes. The locomotive is intended for secondary purposes, such as the operation of branch lines and local train services. The engine pulled a short passenger train during the trial run.

# No. 10800 TAKES THE RAILS

## The Trial Run of the New Diesel Electric Locomotive

The new 827-h.p. Diesel electric locomotive, No. 10800, which has recently been completed at the North British Locomotive Company's Works, at Glasgow, is the latest addition to the ranks of Diesel motor-power units for British Railways. With a maximum-design speed of 70 miles an hour, the engine is intended to be used in conjunction with other Diesel electrics already in service, for an investigation of Diesel traction over the whole range of railway working. The 16-cylinder engine, rated at 827 b.h.p. at 1,250 revolutions a minute, was provided by Davey, Paxman and Company, Ltd., of Colchester, Essex, while the British Thomson-Houston Company, of Rugby, were main contractors for the power equipment. A "dead-man's pedal," operating on the brake system, and vernier control for close regulation of speed during bump shunting are provided. No. 10800 was designed by Mr. H. G. Ivatt, Chief Mechanical Engineer of the London Midland Region (British Railways). It is a project sponsored by the former L.M.S. Railway Company.

OPEN FOR INSPECTION—THE NEW DIESEL ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE AFTER THE TRIAL RUN: The engine is designed for a maximum speed of 70 m.p.h., with a maximum tractive effort of 34,500 lb. The locomotive's wheel diameter is 3 ft. 6 ins.




THE LOCOMOTIVE WHICH IS TO BE USED IN AN INVESTIGATION OF DIESEL TRACTION OVER THE WHOLE RANGE OF RAILWAY WORKING: The engine has been built at the North British Works at Glasgow, to the design of Mr. H. G. Ivatt, Chief Mechanical Engineer of the London Midland Region, British Railways.

THE NEW AND THE OLD MEET AT WATFORD JUNCTION, HERTFORDSHIRE: A steam locomotive of the type which the new Diesel will supersede passes the new 10800 engine during the latter's 20-minute trial run from Euston, last week.

THE LAST FRENCH OUTPOST OF CIVILISED MOROCCO IS AIT MEHAMMED: Beyond that lie the wild mountains of the High Atlas, and beyond them the empty red desert. Colin Wyatt and Dr. Peter Blaxland, determined to cross the almost unknown m'Goun Massif, are here seen on their arrival at Ait Mehammed with their equipment. Fierce tribal levies in flowing blue gowns, after having inspected the explorers' papers, are lowering the barrier, preparatory to taking the explorers to meet the French major in command of the frontier post.

IN THIS WILD, ALMOST UNMAPPED COUNTRY, THERE WAS STILL FIGHTING GOING ON BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND THE LOCAL TRIBESMEN IN 1938: Here Dr. Blaxland is inspecting a tiny graveyard which contains the graves of French soldiers who fell in the 1938 fighting. Beyond is the deserted Foreign Legion fort of Tamda, where Wyatt and Blaxland left their cars to continue their journey on foot and by ski. In the background rises the Azourki Mountain, 12,177 ft. above sea-level. Tamda is 6,000 ft. up, ten miles on from the outpost of Ait Mehammed.

THE FRENCH MAJOR AT AIT MEHAMMED HAD ARRANGED FOR MULES TO BE AT TAMDA FORT FOR THE USE OF THE EXPLORERS: With the mules came a bunch of interested tribesmen, who lent willing hands to loading the mules with all the equipment before the expedition set off towards the snow slopes of the Azourki. The track climbed up through barren red and purple slopes. At first the weather was wet. But after a night's rest in a stone hut, the ascent of the Azourki was successfully accomplished in brilliant, but cold, conditions.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE AZOURKI MOUNTAIN (12,177 ft.), Colin Wyatt looks out across a great red valley 2,000 ft. below to where the snow-covered wall of the Ouaougoulzat Range fills the horizon. From here Wyatt and Blaxland were able to spot the site for their next day's camp (about dead centre of the picture).

IT TOOK FOUR-AND-A-HALF HOURS STIFF CLIMBING TO REACH THE RIDGE OF THE OUAOUGOULZAT RANGE, where a minute cairn was found, probably left by some adventurous Berber shepherd. As far as is known, no Europeans have ever been on this range before. Here the mountaineers are resting on the second peak of the Ouaougoulzat; beyond them is the highest, which they reached at noon, building a cairn to celebrate the climb. The final stage of the ascent was made from the village of Agouti; and the climb continued for many hours during an appallingly cold night. After the successful effort the two explorers went on to the Foreign Legion post at Boumalne.

# THE SNOWS OF AFRICA

## A Record of the First Crossing of the m'Goun Massif (13,434 feet) in the High Atlas Mountains of Morocco

*Described by* Colin Wyatt—*with Photographs taken during the Expedition*

IN the spring of 1949 I made a series of climbs in the Toubkal Massif of the High Atlas, the 300-mile range of wild mountains that separates civilised Morocco from the red desert; these had so fascinated me that in the winter I decided to try to make a first crossing of the almost unknown m'Goun Massif, consisting of three parallel ranges, some 100 miles farther to the east. Very little is known about this area, for there was still fighting between the French and the local tribesmen in 1938, and the only maps are prepared from aerial surveys.

Dr. Peter Blaxland, of Sydney, Australia, and I left Casablanca by car on the evening of our arrival, laden with skis, rope, tent and provisions. At dusk we came to the first road barrier in the foothills and produced our military permits; the chain was lowered and we entered the "zone of insecurity." The narrow road wound up steep hillsides in a series of hairpin bends, and then entered a great gorge: night had fallen, so when we finally came to open country

(*Continued on following page*)

FROM THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE OUAOUGOULZAT RANGE THE TWO EXPLORERS SURVEYED THEIR FINAL OBJECTIVE, THE 13,434 FT. M'GOUN MASSIF: In the valley winds the Upper m'Goun River, disappearing into a cleft in the eastern m'Goun foothills. The figure on the summit to the right of the picture is Dr. Blaxland.

COLIN WYATT AND DR. PETER BLAXLAND WERE THE FIRST EUROPEANS TO ASCEND THE OUAOUGOULZAT RANGE: To celebrate their successful ascent they built a cairn on the summit, leaving a message beneath it for possible future mountaineers.

## THE SNOWS OF AFRICA *(Continued)*

we spread our sleeping-bags by the side of the road and went to sleep. At dawn we set off again, and after miles of narrow track over a huge plateau we came to the last French outpost at Ait Mehammed.

Fierce tribal levies in flowing blue gowns inspected our papers and led us to the major, who gave us a most friendly greeting, together with a lot of helpful information, and told us that two muleteers had been ordered to meet us at the deserted Foreign Legion fort at Tamda, ten miles farther-on. We were now at 6,000 ft., and the track climbed steadily across barren red and purple slopes dotted with spiny plants. When we arrived at Tamda we looked up a wild valley to where the snow-covered slopes of the Azourki Mountain (12,177 ft.), our first objective, disappeared into the clouds.

Presently our mules and their drivers arrived, and soon many willing hands had lashed our loads to the saddlebags. The weather didn't look too promising, but we set off down slopes of rich red earth into the valley. Crossing the valley creek, we plodded on up the opposite slopes, up and up until at last we were cheered by the sight of the first snowdrift beside the track. Then it began to rain, pouring down our necks and dripping off our noses, as cold as ice. At last we reached the Azourki spur and came down into a little green valley just below the snow slopes of the Azourki, where, half-a-mile ahead, lay a stone hut just built this year. Before long we had a fire going in the hut, and settled down for the night.

We awoke to a brilliant day, and decided to ascend the Azourki ridge in order to map out our plan of campaign for the assault on the m'Goun pass. The snow was granular and frozen solid, but became softer as we ascended; soon we were able to use our skis, and reached the saddle of the ridge after two-hours hard climbing. The view from here was magnificent: at our feet the cliffs dropped away for a sheer 200 ft., and below them an arid, snow-free slope led down to a great red valley some 2,000 ft. below. Far away to the south-west we could see the m'Goun Range, and realised that at least two-days march would be needed to reach its foot.

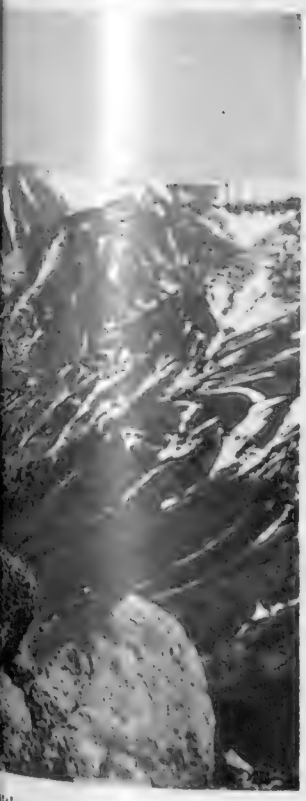
Everything was shrouded in mist the next day, but we had reckoned on one day of rest. The following morning our porters arrived early, and we set off through damp clouds towards the pass and into the

HAVING REACHED THE HEAD OF THE TIZI N'AORI PASS, the m'Goun range laid out before them: They decided ridge (farthest to the left in the picture) which would traverse across the three main peaks. The final 1,5 the rocky hillside was covered with large expans the barometer indicated a height of 11,500 ft. to go over country of the roughest kind to

BREAKING CAMP AFTER THE M'GOUN CLIMB, Moha tightens the ropes on the patient mule's load, while Dr. Blaxland pulls himself together after a freezing night of intense cold. On the way down a herdsman was met who had never before seen an European.

AT DUSK, AFTER A HOT AND DUSTY MARCH OF SOME TWENTY MILES, the little party reached the first Berber village in the foothills, Tirhemet: A peasant (on right) hospitably bedded them down in his manger and gave them, out of his meagre stocks, butter and barley bread. The sheep-dog, on the roof of the peasant's house, was very hostile during the proceedings and furiously resented the intruders.

EMERGING FROM THE GORGES, THE PARTY CAME TO THE FIRST LARGE FORTIFIED VILLAGE OF THE DESERT FOOTHILLS, where they were entertained royally by the sheikh in his four-towered castle. Next day, armed to the teeth and mounted on a gorgeously caparisoned white Arab stallion, the sheikh escorted them for two miles up to a pass on the edge of his domain, on the road to the Foreign Legion post at Boumalne—the end of the expedition. From here Marrakesch was reached by bus over the military road.



lition could see the whole of the
their ascent up a long narrow
them to the start of a high-level
to the pass was very steep, and
now. At the head of the pass
as still a considerable distance
ost peak of the m'Goun Massif.

valley of the Ait Bougemmez. Presently green barley terraces appeared and then a red fortress village. We passed on to the highest village in the valley, where a villager gave us a meal and we bargained for a mule. At last we set off again, and just as the sun was setting we reached the greensward beyond Lake Iourrar, which we had previously spotted. Here we spent a cold night, setting off again at 6.30 towards the snows of the Ouaougoulzat. In an hour we reached a small plateau whence a wide ridge led up towards the summit, which we reached by noon, building a cairn to celebrate and leaving a message tucked in beneath it. From here we were able to study the whole of the m'Goun Range, and pick out our best line of approach.

We left the last village two days later at 7 a.m., aiming for a cleft in the hills to the south. After a climb through fine mountain scenery we reached the high pastures, where the puddles were already glazed with ice. A terrific gorge ahead framed the towering rock face of the m'Goun, and it was evident that we would have to climb over a high pass to our right in order to avoid it.

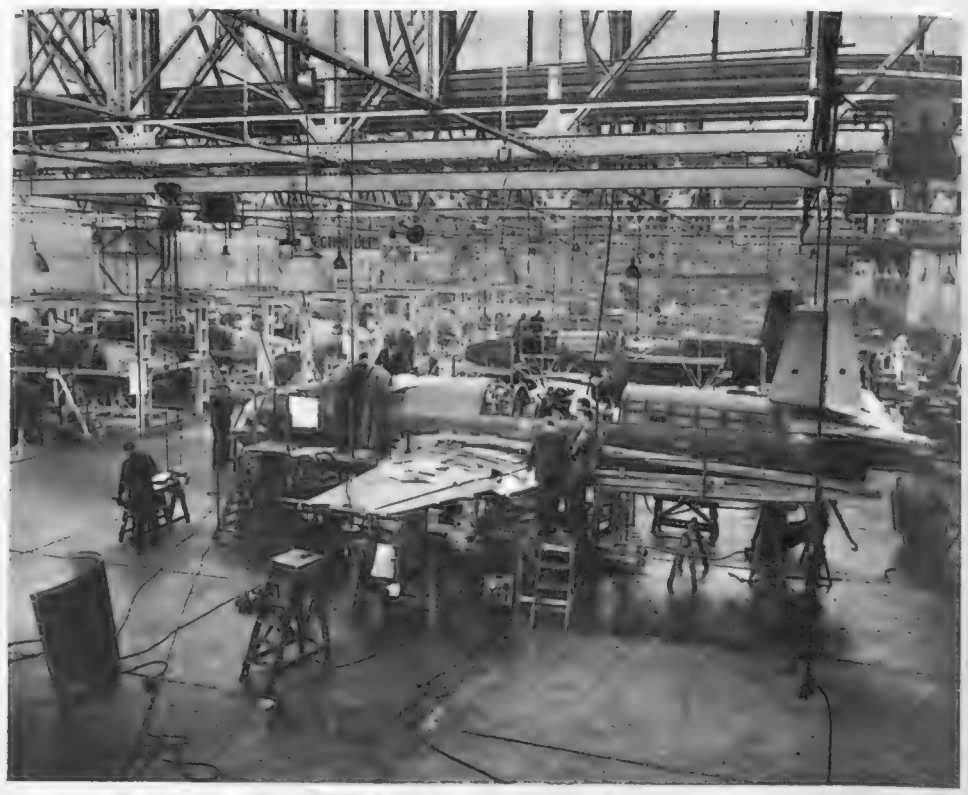
Steadily we climbed the narrow side valley where the grasses bordering it were sheathed in ice. As it got steeper the track nearly disappeared, until we reached a saddle about 10,000 ft., where we rested before tackling the final 1,500 ft. of very steep and rocky hillside streaked with large expanses of snow. After exhausting work we finally reached the pass, high on the crest of a mountain range. Our aneroids showed 11,500 ft. From here we could look right across a flat plain to the whole mighty m'Goun Range, now at last right on top of us. We rested and studied possible routes up it, finally deciding on a sharp snow-ridge to the east which led up to the start of the three peaks. It was an appallingly cold night. At 6.30 a.m. we set off, ski-ing up a ribbon of snow between rock walls and then on to the broad base of the ridge. Higher up it was easier going, but skis would not grip on the hard snow, so we took them off and carried them. At 10 a.m. we reached a flat top at 12,850 ft. where the view was indescribable. Continuing along a wide ridge, we reached the third highest of the m'Goun peaks at 11.15 a.m., and then had a run down the other side to a saddle above a snow basin. At the second peak we left our skis, for there was broken rock on the ridge ahead, and we finally scrambled to the top of the highest peak, 13,434 ft. above sea-level, at 2 p.m.

On three sides of us bottomless precipices fell away, with a short buttress jutting out due north. To the east the range continued for miles in a long, jagged backbone, and to the south lay the endless desert, while far away in the west gleamed the snows of the Toubkal, the highest mountain in Africa, still some 300 ft. higher than ourselves.

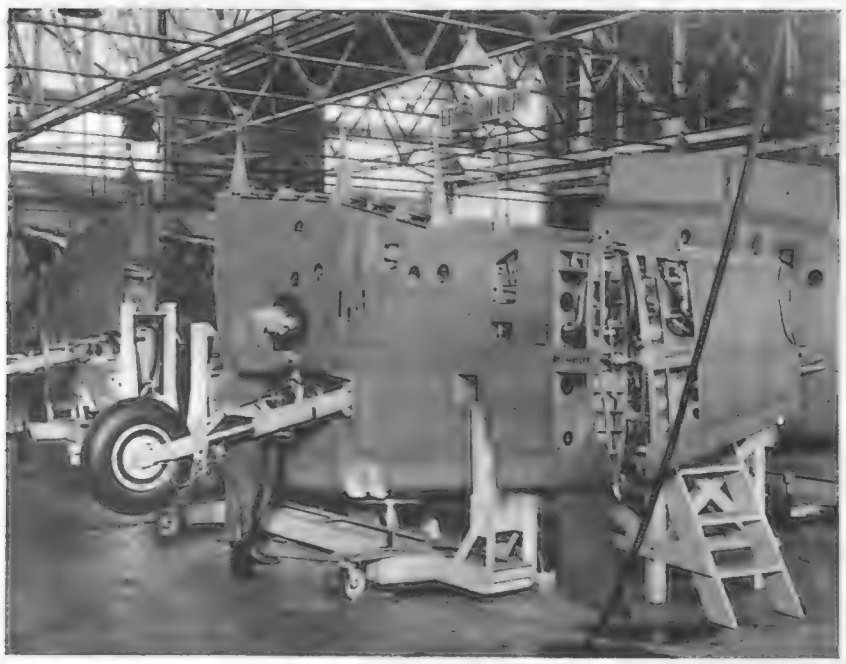
# JET FIGHTERS for the NAVY

Building the New Vickers-Armstrong Attacker as Part of the Government's Huge Rearmament Programme

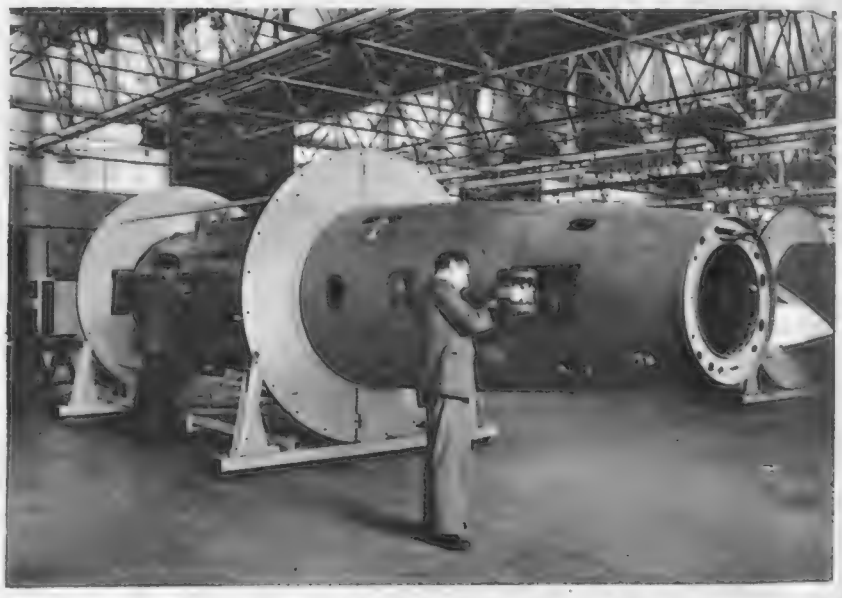
THE WING ASSEMBLY SECTION AT THE WORKS: By the employment of the most modern methods, a rapid flow of aircraft is now passing out to the Royal Navy as part of a great rearmament programme.



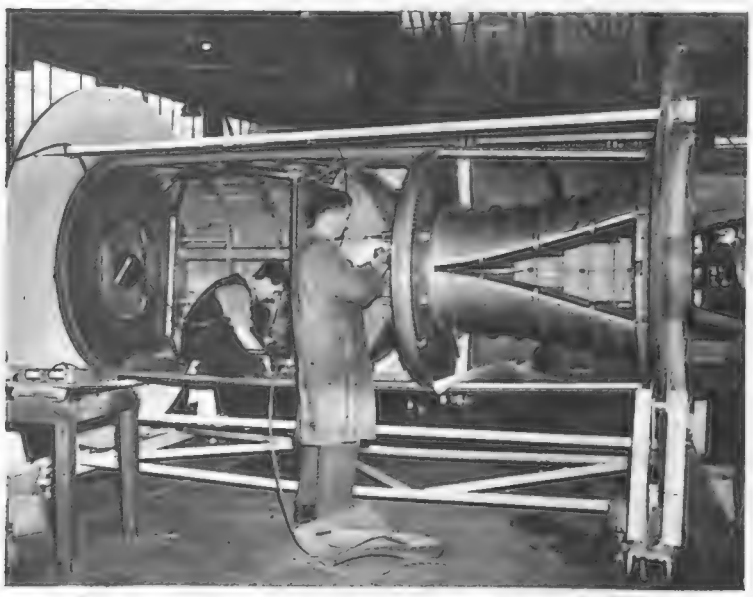
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ERECTION DEPARTMENT AT VICKERS-ARMSTRONG: In the left background are Attackers in what are known as assembly fixtures. In the foreground similar aircraft are nearing completion, with Rolls-Royce "Nene" turbo-jets mounted approximately midway along the length of the fuselage. The Attacker is a single-seat jet fighter.



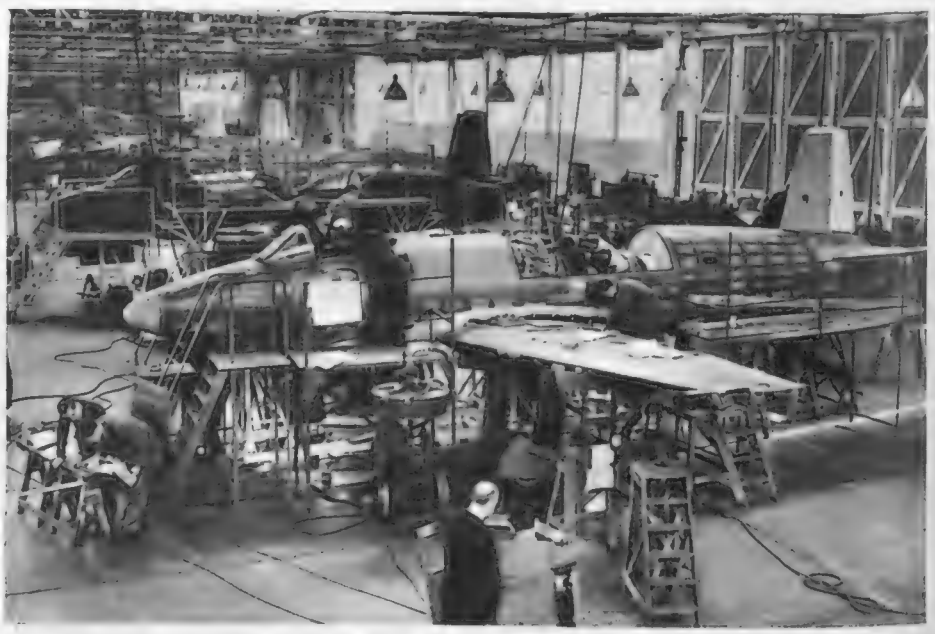
A CLOSE-UP IN THE WING ASSEMBLY SECTION, showing the underside of the wing with its retractable undercarriage and its wing-folding mechanism.



A SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE DEVICE FOR THE INSPECTION OF THE ATTACKER'S FUSELAGE: After removal from the assembly fixture the fuselage is set up in split wooden rings which enable it to be rolled or rotated to any desired position.



LOOKING INTO THE ENGINE-BAY OF AN ATTACKER FUSELAGE SET UP IN THE ROLL-OVER DEVICE: It shows the D-section ducts through which the air is drawn from entries on either side of the cockpit.



A CLOSER VIEW OF ATTACKER AIRCRAFT NEARING COMPLETION IN THE ERECTION DEPARTMENT, with the Rolls-Royce "Nene" turbo-jet mounted midway along the fuselage. The aircraft is of stressed-skin construction throughout and the fuselage—which is of the frame, stringer and skin variety—is of circular section over most of its length.

As a result of the Government's huge new rearmament programme, aircraft factories in Britain are once again being geared-up to produce the ever-increasing flow of war-planes now so vitally necessary for the defence of this country. The majority of the aircraft which flew in the war are very much out of date, and they are gradually being replaced by sleek, jet-propelled aeroplanes of new design.

One of the jet fighters now in production is the Vickers-Armstrong Attacker, which is being built for the Royal Navy as an interceptor-fighter: this series of pictures shows the aircraft on the assembly-line.

The Attacker is a high-performance, single-seat, low-wing jet fighter of advanced design, and it is a descendant of the distinguished line of aircraft built in the Supermarine works which produced the record-breaking Schneider Trophy aircraft, and the world-famous Spitfire fighter. The aircraft has a pressurised cockpit. In 1948, in full military trim, and powered by a single Rolls-Royce "Nene" turbo-jet, this aeroplane gained the International 100-kilometre Closed-Circuit record at 564·8 m.p.h., and it has on many occasions been flown at 82·5 per cent. of the speed of sound. The pilot on this occasion was Mr. M. J. Lithgow, one of the Supermarine team of test pilots. The record-breaking run took place after landings on H.M.S. *Illustrious*, when its low-speed controllability was proved beyond question. Now, after extensive flight-testing, it has been adopted by the Navy, whose air squadrons will soon be equipped with these aircraft.

**PROGRESS IS MADE ON THE SOUTH BANK SITE OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN—THE ONLY PERMANENT BUILDING TAKES SHAPE:** In the right foreground of this picture is part of the vast Royal Festival Hall with, in the left background, part of the Dome of Discovery. Seen through the haze in the background are the towers of the Houses of Parliament. The Concert Hall is as prominent in the downstream sequence as the Dome of Discovery on the other side of Hungerford Bridge. The Festival organisers plan to open the £2,000,000 building in April 1951, with a week of important concerts. Then the Arts Council will take over for a London Festival of the Arts in May and June. Following that the London County Council will promote a series of concerts during the remaining Festival months. The Hall, the only permanent feature of the Festival, will be opened in the presence of the King.

## WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE FESTIVAL PREPARATIONS

### Regilding the Commonwealth Gates

*On left—*

**THE CLOSED COMMONWEALTH GATES ARE REGILDED: They stand at the entrance to Green Park from the area of the Victoria Memorial. A year ago examination work disclosed that weather and rust had severely corroded some of the scroll work.** The gates, together with the pillars of Portland stone at the park entrances from the Mall and Birdcage Walk, were erected as part of the contributions from the Empire to commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria. Questions have been asked why, now that the gates have been repaired, they still remain closed to the public as they always have been. Workmen have been busy, too, in other parts of the Palace precincts, where preparations were made for this week's State visit by Queen Juliana. The railings immediately in front of the Palace have also been regilded.

# THE RESTORED BRILLIANCE OF CHURCH HOUSE

## The Autumn Session of Church Assembly in the New Hall in Dean's Yard, Westminster

**THE FRONTAGE OF CHURCH HOUSE IN DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER: The meeting-place of the Church of England "Parliament," which has just been restored after wartime bombing in 1940.**

In 1937 Queen Mary laid the foundation-stone of Church House, Westminster, and in June 1940, the building was opened by King George VI. Four months later the circular hall was destroyed by bombing and the secular Houses of Parliament moved in and occupied much of the rest of the building. From then until a few weeks ago the "Parliament of the Church" met for deliberation in Central Hall, Westminster.

When the Church Assembly began its autumn session last week it met for the first time in the new circular hall now restored to the original design. Owing to an indisposition Queen Mary was unable to open the hall as arranged, but hopes to perform the ceremony in January.

The hall, focal point of Church House, is equipped with modernised loud-speaker and foreign interpretation equipment, giving a choice of four languages, and with modern lighting. Decorative features have all been re-created and restored from the original designs of the late Sir Herbert Baker. Church House, meeting-place of the Church Assembly, constituted in 1920 to "deliberate and make provision" on all matters concerning the Church of England, aided in the birth of the United Nations, for here the Preparatory Commission had its headquarters and here met the first General Assembly. Important Ministries had a temporary home at Church House, and, for a short while, the War Crimes Commission deliberated on the indictment of war criminals. Though comparatively modern, the foundation-stone of the original building was laid in 1891, Church House has been considerably extended; has been once rebuilt and now restored. Reconstruction from the recent war's bomb damage began in October 1946.

**WHERE THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND MEET ASSEMBLED FOR DELIBERATION—THE ASSEMBLY HALL OF CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, NOW RESTORED AND OCCUPIED: Queen Mary was to have opened the hall at the time of the Autumn Session of Church Assembly. She will now perform the ceremony in January next.**

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK PRESIDES AT THE AUTUMN SESSION OF CHURCH ASSEMBLY: Dr. Garbett occupied the chair in the absence of the Chairman, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is in Australia. *On left*—A speaker addresses the Assembly during the first meeting in the restored hall. *On right*—The acting Chairman and the Secretary, Mr. J. A. Guillun-Scott, listening to the discussions. The chair is surmounted with the arms of the Diocese of Canterbury. In his opening address Dr. Garbett said they were all thankful to be back again in their rightful home. Since the bombing in 1940 the Church Assembly has met in Central Hall, Westminster.**

IN THE CHAPEL OF CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: The Chapel, with its exquisite panelling and carved oak Bishops' stalls. Armorial bearings of each diocese in the province of Canterbury adorn the walls. In the centre background is the stall of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The chapel can at times be used as a meeting-place for the Bishops of the Upper House of Convocation in the Southern Province of England.

DEEP IN THOUGHT DURING THE DELIBERATIONS AT CHURCH HOUSE—SOME OF THE BISHOPS ON THE "FRONT BENCHES" AT THE SESSION OF CHURCH ASSEMBLY: On the left of the front row is the Bishop of London.

THE "PARLIAMENT OF THE CHURCH" IN SESSION—THE FIRST DAY OF THE AUTUMN CHURCH ASSEMBLY: The Archdeacon of Wisbech, the Ven. S. J. A. Evans, moved that the Patronage Measure be generally approved. This measure concerns the rules governing the appointments to vacant benefices. The Bishop of Winchester, Dr. M. G. Haigh, asked for some reconstruction of the measure, and criticised the provision for a person to transfer a right of patronage held in a fiduciary capacity to the diocesan board of patronage or to the bishop. The measure was carried. Parochial Church Councils would now have a real share in the selection of a parish priest, and a patron of a living would not be able to exercise his right of patronage until he had first conferred with two lay representatives appointed by the Council concerned.

# In the HEART of the WESTERN HIGHLANDS

## The "Five Sisters" and the Lochs of Kintail, in Wester Ross

By ALASDAIR ALPIN McGREGOR

*With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author*

OF all the territories owned by the National Trust, there is certainly none more beautiful than Kintail, that historic countryside in Wester Ross which was purchased a few years ago by the National Trust for Scotland out of funds given by an anonymous supporter for the express purpose of acquiring mountainous country to which the public might have the fullest access. The purchase involved an area of about 15,000 acres, and included some of the finest mountain scenery in the British Isles. Has one ever seen in mountainous country a view to beat that of the Five Sisters of Kintail from the Mam Ratagan road linking the head of Loch Duich with Glen Elg? The boundaries of the Trust's property embrace the Sisters, all of which are known by Gaelic names. Sgurr Fhuaran (often rendered as Scour Ouran, which approximates to it, phonetically), loftiest of them, is just over 3,500 ft. Sgurr na Ciste Duibhe and Sgurr na Carnach are only about 200 ft. less. Sgurr na Moraich is 2,870 ft.; while just below the summit of the fifth peak—Sgurr nan Saighead—runs the 2,750-ft. contour. Sgurr Fhuaran is interesting in that its summit may be attained by following the longest slope of uniform gradient in Scotland. Here one traverses a grassy buttress for 3,500 ft., with comparative ease.

From the mountaineer's point of view, this Kintail estate has another advantage in that it embraces two or three well-known rights-of-way—that linking Glen Affric and Croe Bridge, for example. These, together with the innumerable tracks worn by the deer and the sheep and the occasional feet of hardy Highlanders visiting relatives and friends in contingent territories, run through mountainous country relatively accessible to those not too accustomed to wandering far from beaten ways. Such tracks make their way loftily and sinuously to Bernera and Glen Elg, to the remote townships by the shores of Loch Hourn, to Loch Quoich and Glen Garry. Formidable as is each of them to anyone unused to travelling great distances on foot, none, in my view, is so lovely as the hill-track enabling one to reach Glen Elg from Totaig, at the mouth of Loch Duich. Totaig itself lies buried among larches where the hills run steeply to the sea on the south side of the loch. When you have followed the track a goodly way, there stretches before you, to the west, what is surely one of the finest panoramas of mountain, island, and sea in all Britain. From no other part of this beautiful countryside can one view to better advantage the lie of the land and of the sea. Here the three sea-lochs—Loch Duich, Loch Alsh, Loch Long—meet. Farther west, one sees the narrows dividing the Isle of Skye from the mainland of Ross, the narrows across which the Kyle of Lochalsh-Kyleakin ferry plies. The Red Coolins of Skye lie beyond.

Three Highland clans are closely associated with Kintail—MacKenzie, Matheson and MacRae. Of these, the most important is the first-mentioned. The MacKenzies are said to have found their way to these parts with Colin FitzGerald, the legendary founder of the Clan MacKenzie, members of which are still numerous in this locality. The surname of MacRae is also still quite common round the shores of lovely Loch Duich. In olden times their descendants swore fealty to the MacKenzies—to the Seaforths. So, too, did the Mathesons, many of whom fell at Sheriffmuir in 1715, where they fought for the Jacobite under Seaforth's leadership.

This countryside, so Highland in tradition, in language and in outlook, has altered little in essentials. Its inhabitants, for the most part, are bi-lingual. The tongue of the home is the ancient Gaelic tongue, despite the extent to which good motoring roads have enabled the stranger to enter Kintail with the same ease as they now extend to the native desirous of travelling forth from his native hearth. Where the Gaelic is concerned, one recalls Boswell's remarks when he and Dr. Johnson came this way in 1773 en route for the Isle of Skye. "We had a considerable circle about us," wrote the former, "men, women and children, all M'Craas, Lord Seaforth's people. Not one of them could speak English. I observed to Dr. Johnson, it was much the same as being with a tribe of Indians. *Johnson:* 'Yes, Sir, but not so terrifying.'"

Near the church and manse of Kintail stands Clachan Duich, the roofless ruin of the church of ancient days, together with its burying-ground. It is situated near the head of Loch Duich, between the hillock, on which stands a granite memorial, and the seawrack through which the River Shiel flows at ebb-tide to meet the sea. The memorial bears the names of MacRaes and their relatives who fell in the First World War. Another war—a local one—is commemorated within the four walls of Clachan Duich itself. There, on the south wall, is a tablet enumerating seven chiefs of the Clan MacRae and their wives, all of whom were buried here. The tablet mentions that two of the chiefs were also Constables of Eilean Donan, the ancient stronghold already mentioned.

A glance at the map shows that, at a point close to that at which the road through Glen Shiel is carried across the river of the same name, something in the nature of warfare took place. There one finds a tiny pair of crossed swords, and the date, 1719.

It is not generally known that, between the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715 and that of 1745, there occurred the rising known to students of history as "The Nineteen," corresponding thus with "The Fifteen" and "The Forty-five." "The Nineteen," abortive as the others, was well prepared, however. In the autumn of 1718, assistance was offered to the Jacobites by Philip V. of Spain, through his Minister, Cardinal Alberoni. Relations between England and Spain had been deteriorating steadily at this time; and the Spaniards thought that they could best damage their adversaries by aiding and abetting the Stuart cause. So they sent forth expeditions with this object in view. While the Duke of Ormonde sought to harass the Hanoverians in the West of England, the young Earl Marischal (George Keith, tenth and last of them) set out for the Western Highlands to incite the clans to rebel on behalf of Britain's exiled king, the Old Chevalier Alberoni saw to it that the Earl Marischal's expedition was well-equipped. He had been given two frigates, some 2,000 muskets, ample money, ammunition and stores, together with a contingent of more than 300 Spanish troops, round which it was hoped the Highland Jacobites would rally.

On April 13, 1719, the expedition reached the shores of Kintail, effecting a landing at Loch Alsh. The Castle of Eilean Donan now became the headquarters of the Jacobite forces. Forty-five Spaniards garrisoned it; and the Spanish contingent's ammunition and provisions were deposited there. Early in May, three Hanoverian vessels of war sailed up Loch Alsh to Eilean Donan, under the command of one, Captain Boyle, who was aboard His Majesty's ship *Worcester*, and who immediately sent an emissary demanding the Castle's surrender. The ancient stronghold of the MacKenzies, hitherto impregnable, availed little against naval artillery properly trained on it. Soon a storming party was landed on the rocky islet upon which it stands. In no time the keep was taken, and its Spanish garrison made captive. All arms and ammunition it possessed were duly seized. Eilean Donan itself was then blown up. Meantime, Major-General Wightman, who commanded the Hanoverian troops garrisoning Inverness, made his way westwards to Kintail with a force a thousand strong, with more than a hundred dragoons, and with a battery of four mortars. At the point marked on the map by the little swords, Jacobites and Hanoverians joined issue. The latter were routed utterly. And away up among the hills of Kintail there lies a defile that to this day the Highland shepherds call the *Bealach nan Spainnteach*, The Spaniards' Pass, for it is said that some of the fleeing soldiery sought to escape by this route.

For about 200 years the old Castle of Eilean Donan remained in the ruinous condition in which "The Nineteen" had left it. In 1912 it came by purchase into the possession of Colonel MacRae-Gilstrap, who, a year later, hoisted his flag upon it, claiming to be hereditary Constable of the Castle in succession to his grandfather seven times removed.

The reopening of this ancient stronghold in 1932 as a place of residence was a great event in the annals of the Western Highlands. Not since the days of the Seaforths had Kintail witnessed such revelry. A day of high sunshine favoured Kintail. Its mountains and seas were coloured unbelievably. Never did this very lovely corner of Scotland look lovelier than it did that afternoon the triumphant Colonel welcomed us across the bridge uniting with the mainland of Wester Ross the rock on which his Castle stood.

THE FIVE SISTERS OF KINTAIL AND THE HEAD OF LOCH DUICH FROM THE MAM RATAGAN ROAD TO GLEN ELG: The sisters all have Gaelic names and all are between 2,750-3,500 ft. They are part of a tract in Wester Ross purchased by the National Trust for Scotland.

THE CASTLE OF EILEAN DONAN, AT THE MOUTH OF LOCH DUICH IN WESTER ROSS, with a glimpse of the Island of Skye in the background. After the almost unknown rising of "The Nineteen," the Castle was left in a ruinous condition until 1912. It was reopened as a place of residence in 1932 amid scenes of great revelry: to-day it is one of the most romantic show-pieces of the Highlands. Loch Duich is a lovely sea-loch which empties into the narrow waters separating the Island of Skye from Wester Ross.

SHIEL BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF GLEN SHIEL BY THE HEAD OF LOCH DUICH: The Loch is enclosed by the Five Sisters, and affords some of the finest scenery in Wester Ross, a region famous for its beauty. All about are places famous in history.

THE DORNIE FERRY AT THE MOUTH OF LOCH LONG: It was superseded in 1938 by a bridge across which most of the modern traffic now flows. Those who wish, however, can still use the old ferry boat after signalling the ferryman by flag, or—at night time—by oil lamp.

Above—WHERE LOCH ALSH AND LOCH LONG MEET, AT DORNIE: This territory lies deep in the unspoilt heart of Wester Ross. *On right*—A STRIP OF THE STEEP ROAD PASSING OVER THE MAM RATAGAN, between Loch Duich and Glen Elg—once the drove-road and highway between Skye and the mainland of Scotland.

**THE FIRST NIGHT ACROSS THE RIVER—"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE RESTORED OLD VIC: The scene in the world-famous theatre during the production by Mr. Hugh Hunt. Before the performance Dame Edith Evans spoke a prologue written by Mr. Christopher Hassell. In this picture Olivia (Ursula Jeans) is seen upbraiding Sir Toby Belch (Roger Livesey) for drunkenness.**

**THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST-NIGHT AUDIENCE IN THE WATERLOO ROAD, S.E.: Long before the performance of *Twelfth Night* was scheduled to begin, crowds began to gather in The Cut, to witness the arrival of the audience.**

# The Reopening of the OLD VIC

## The Return to Waterloo Road After an Absence of Ten Years

Long before the curtain was due to go up on Hugh Hunt's production of *Twelfth Night* at the Old Vic, a great crowd had gathered outside in The Cut, to welcome the audience arriving for the reopening of "Britain's national theatre" after restoration from bomb-damage. Inside, Dame Edith Evans parted the curtains to speak Christopher Hassell's prologue, "London, be glad! Your Shakespeare's home again." Dame Edith is to be the Lilian Baylis in the film about the life of the niece of Miss Emma Cons, who took over the management of the Old Vic in 1912. It was Miss Cons who, in the nineteenth century, offered a more refined and intellectual entertainment at the theatre which hitherto had been given up, as Charles Matthew wrote, to "the lower orders." The Old Vic season of *Twelfth Night* will be followed first by *Bartholomew Fair* and then by *Henry V*. The producers are all directors of the Old Vic Trust.

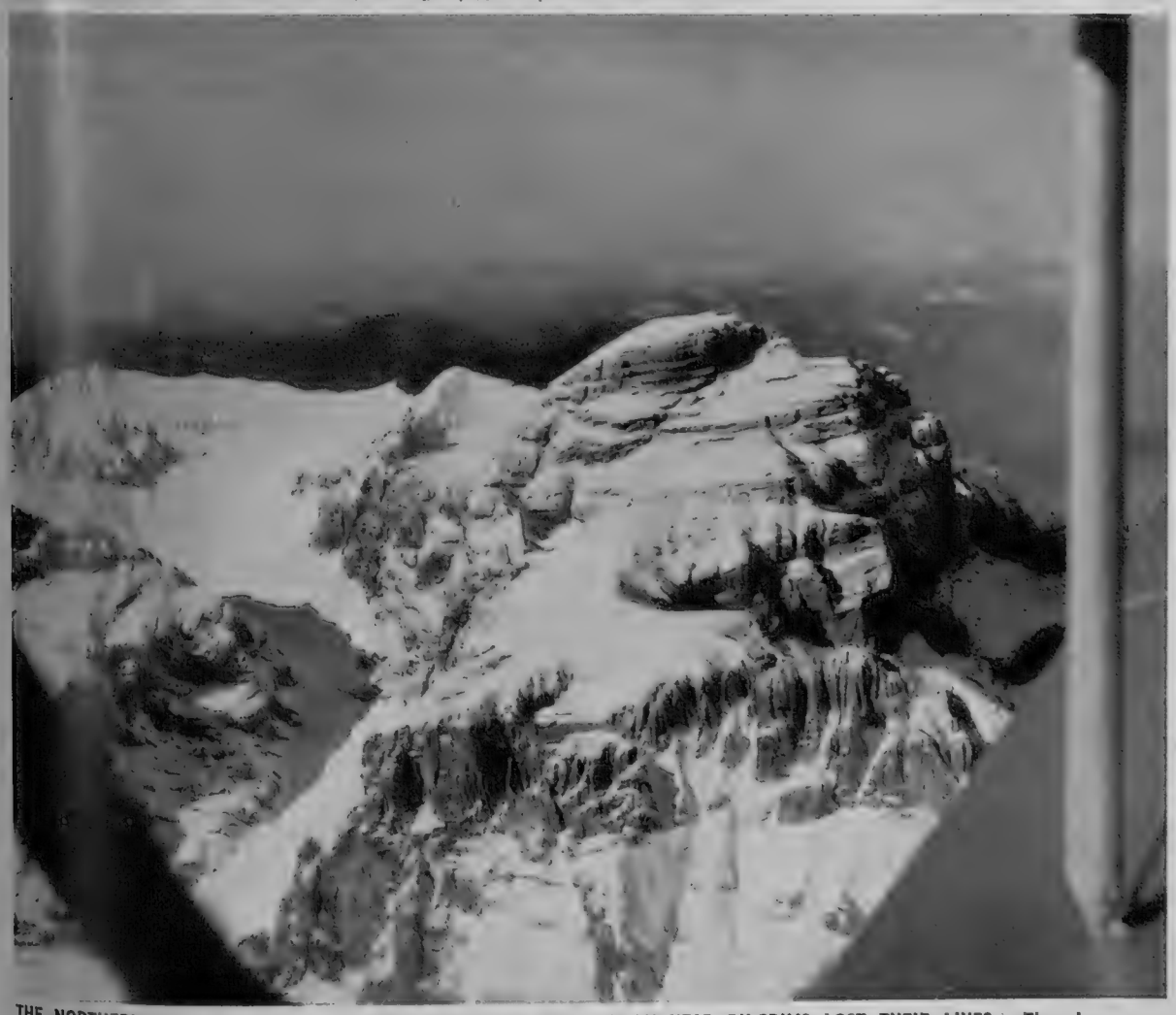
**THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE RESTORED THEATRE: *On left*—Olivia is seen seated on a bench while, *on right*, she hears Viola (Peggy Ashcroft) press the suit of Orsino (Alec Clunes) while disguised as a boy. The curtain rose on a quayside which, with rearrangements of scenery, becomes incorporated into a garden. Alec Clunes played Orsino with ease and Peggy Ashcroft was a delightful Viola. Many Old Vic actors were in the audience**

WHERE THE CANADIAN DC 4 AIRLINER CAME TO GRIEF WHILE FLYING FROM ROME WITH FIFTY-TWO PASSENGERS ON BOARD—THE 9,164-FT. PEAK IN THE DEVOLUY MASSIF OF THE FRENCH ALPS: The plane crashed into Mount Obiou at about a height of 7,500 ft., and the wreckage fell down to about the 6,500 ft. mark. The plane was carrying passengers from a Holy Year pilgrimage in Rome and was bound for Paris. There were no survivors.

# TRAGEDY IN THE HIGH ALPS

## Where the Canadian Skymaster Crashed into the 9,164-ft. Mount Obiou

Just recently, and within ten days, two air crashes involving great loss of life, were reported from the Alps. The first crash occurred on Mont Blanc and the second on Mount Obiou in the Devoluy Massif of the French Alps. The latter crash was of a Canadian Skymaster which was returning to Paris with fifty-two Holy Year pilgrims on board. All the passengers, Canadians, and crew of six, were killed. The plane crashed into the mountain between the 7,000-8,000-ft. level, some of the wreckage then falling a further 1,000 ft. The scene of the crash was neither so high nor so difficult of access as that on Mont Blanc, but it was not until the next day that the first search party arrived at the wreck. The lowering of the bodies was then arranged for the next day. 250 climbers, divided into groups, took part in the search.



THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF MOUNT OBIOU, WHERE FIFTY-TWO HOLY YEAR PILGRIMS LOST THEIR LIVES: The slopes are those on left of the peak in the foreground. Mount Obiou is about 10 miles to the south-west of Corps, in the Department of Isère, France. The first search parties reached the scene of the crash on the following morning.

THEY TOOK PART IN THE SEARCH FOR THE WRECKAGE OF THE SKYMASTER: M. Martial Ravenat, on left, and M. Felix Germain.

THEY BROUGHT BACK RELICS OF THE CRASH: Roger Ricard, centre, Prefect of Isère, with other climbers at Corps.

THE GUIDES STAND BESIDE THE WRECKAGE OF THE ILL-FATED AIRCRAFT: The high wind had already scattered some of the passengers belongings over a wide area.

# COMMUNISTS IN ACTION

A Series of Pictures from All Over the World, Showing Recent Red Activities in Europe, the United States and Asia

ONLY THOSE COMMUNISTS WHO WERE ALLOWED INTO BRITAIN WERE ABLE TO ATTEND THIS ONE-DAY "PEACE CONFERENCE" AT SHEFFIELD: The giant Congress dwindled to a very tiny meeting in the Sheffield City Hall on November 13 as the result of the banning of the leading Communists from abroad who had planned to be present. As a result, and following on orders from Moscow, the "Conference" was transferred to Warsaw.

THE DEAN WAS, OF COURSE, PRESENT AT SHEFFIELD: Dr. Hewlett Johnson, without whom no Communist meeting in Britain would be complete, delivers his address during the one-day Sheffield Conference.

IN WASHINGTON—DRINKING UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF STALIN: To celebrate the thirty-third anniversary of the Red Revolution, a party was given at the Russian Embassy in Washington on November 7. Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State, was unable to be present; but amongst the guests was Paul Robeson (on right), who received a warm welcome from M. Vishinsky.

A SMALL CROWD—AND RAIN—WELCOMED THE "PEACE" DELEGATION AT SHEFFIELD: Bad weather, allied to visa difficulties, brought only a sparse attendance on the steps of the City Hall. Those who were present found that the week's Congress had been cut to a one-day meeting, and that the real "Peace Conference" will now be held in Warsaw, on orders from Moscow.

M. VISHINSKY MAKES A COURTESY CALL: The Soviet Foreign Minister is here seen leaving the office of Mr. Dean Acheson, Secretary of State in Washington. He is followed by the Russian Ambassador, Alexander Panyushkin. M. Vishinsky told reporters that no business was discussed: he was in Washington for the Russian Embassy party to celebrate the anniversary of the Red Revolution.

THE FRENCH COMMUNIST LEADER IS FLOWN TO RUSSIA FOR A CURE: M. Maurice Thorez, Secretary-General of the French Communist Party, is made comfortable by his wife before the ambulance journey to Orly Airfield for his flight to Russia. He has been ill for a month, following a stroke, and is now to undergo a course of treatment in a Soviet clinic.

THE ITALIAN COMMUNIST LEADER RECOVERING: His head in bandages, Palmiro Togliatti rests in a Rome clinic after a brain operation had been performed for the removal of a clot of blood which threatened his life. It is thought that after this delicate operation Togliatti will be able to resume his leadership of the Italian Communist party.

A RARE MOMENT AT LAKE SUCCESS—THE RUSSIAN REPRESENTATIVE VOTES IN ACCORD WITH GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES: All three raised their hands to vote on a resolution before the Security Council which called for the summoning of a representative of the Chinese Communist Government to testify on the presence of Chinese troops in Korea in opposition to the United Nations forces under the command of General MacArthur. From left to right are—Jacob Malik, Russia; Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Great Britain; and Mr. Warren Austin, U.S.A. The resolution was carried by 8 votes to 2, with Nationalist China and Cuba against and Egypt abstaining.

HAS HE BEEN KILLED IN VIET-NAM? News reports from the Indo-Chinese front have recently stated that Ho Chi Minh, "President of the Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam," may have been killed during a raid on his headquarters at Langxa. Other reports, however, have denied this.

RED COMMANDER IN THE FAR EAST: General Lin Piao, who was responsible in large part for the recent Communist victories over the Chinese Nationalists. He is reported to have 600,000 Red troops under his control in Manchuria and in North China. These, it is stated, could now be used to support the Communists fighting in North Korea.

NEW ENEMY FACES ON THE KOREAN BATTLEFRONT: Chinese Communist troops, wearing Manchurian winter equipment, line up for questioning in a prison stockade at Hamhung. They are part of a group taken by U.S. Marines south of the Changjin reservoir; it is stated that they were non-combatants supplying ammunition and that they had been sent to Korea within two months after recruitment in Mukden.

AMERICAN TROOPS ARE RUSHED TO BORDEAUX TO PREVENT COMMUNIST INTERFERENCE WITH MARSHALL AID ARMS: Weapons for the hard-pressed French troops in Indo-China are to be landed at Bordeaux. Interference by Communists with the shipment was recently thought to be likely, so 900 white and Negro American troops were rushed from Germany to deal with any emergency. The troops are under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Noke: they have brought 281 trucks with 70 trailers with them. *On the left*—The convoy is seen passing through the border control between Kaiserlauten and Homberg, Saarbrucken; and *on the right*—some of the American officers accompanying the convoy are seen in conference with the French authorities at the same point.

# PERPETUATING AN OLD SCOTTISH FAMILY CUSTOM

And Other Home News in Pictures

**AN EX-GERMAN TUG TO TAKE PART IN THE COLONIAL EXPORT DRIVE: A 73-ft. 200-h.p. Fairmile tug is loaded aboard the S.S. *Specialist* at the West India Docks.** Formerly used by the Germans as a torpedo recovery vessel, the *Polaris* tug is being sent to British Guiana to be used by a private company. The *Polaris* will be put to towing 150-ton barges loaded with greenheart timber down a Demerara river. The Colonial Development Corporation is opening up 500 square miles of forest in this Colony so as to export hardwood timber on a large scale to world markets now obtaining their supplies from dollar sources. A special cradle was erected on the deck to accommodate the tug.

**CONTINUING A SCOTTISH FAMILY CUSTOM: With toy spade in hand, the Hon. John Ruaridh Mackenzie stands proudly beneath the Spanish tree which he planted in Castle Leod grounds in Ross-shire.**

**LUNCH IN THE WOODS FOR A PARTY OF EX-R.A.F. FORESTRY STUDENTS:** The scent of the forest and a healthy luncheon outdoors are enjoyed by these ex-R.A.F. men now on a two-year forestry training course on the estate of Mr. C. P. Ackers at Huntley, in Gloucestershire. Mr. Ackers established the scheme for ex-airmen in memory of his son Robert, a fighter-pilot killed in the Normandy invasion. The men around the fire are—left to right—D. G. Jones (22), rigger, from Salisbury; Guy Pagniez (30), signals corporal, from London; G. Mills (28), navigator, from Liverpool—the No. 1 student on the course; P. Payne (28), pilot, from Holford, Somerset; W. A. Williams (26), pilot, from Chelsea; D. J. Owens, pay clerk, from Kington, Hereford; and Tom Arnold (20), R.A.F. National Serviceman, from Hythe, Kent.

**THREE GENERATIONS OF MACKENZIES AT THE TREE-PLANTING CEREMONY AT CASTLE LEOD, STRATHPEFFER. From left to right—The Countess of Cromartie; her son Viscount Tarbat; and Viscountess Tarbat with her two-year-old son John Ruaridh Mackenzie. The young John is holding on to the copper beech which his mother planted after he had planted his own tree.** It has been customary in the family of Viscount Tarbat, of Castle Leod, for the elder son to plant a Spanish chestnut-tree in the Castle grounds near the gigantic one planted by Sir John Mackenzie in 1550. The Hon. John Ruaridh Mackenzie continued this custom a few days ago.

**THE WORLD'S BIGGEST JETS ARE INSTALLED IN THE HASTINGS: A picture taken after the aircraft's first flight from Radlett Aerodrome (Hertfordshire) a few days ago.** This big aeroplane now has two of the world's biggest jet engines, as well as two of the piston type: the jets are fitted outboard. They are Sapphires, each officially type-tested at 7,000 lb. thrust. Inboard engines are of the Hercules type fitted to the Hastings long-range transport aircraft now in squadron service with the R.A.F. Squadron-Leader H. G. Hazelden, chief test pilot of the Handley Page Company, the makers, flew the jet-equipped aircraft on its first flight. "When I throttled the Hercules engines right back," he said, "I was unable to hear the Sapphires." Although he only used part of the jet's potential power on the test flight, the climb-away was extremely good. "I was at a thousand feet in approximately thirty seconds," he said. A Hastings aircraft with four Hercules engines has an aggregate horse-power of 6,360: with two jets replacing two piston engines, the power developed rises to well over 15,000 equivalent b.h.p. at 350 m.p.h.

**AN R.A.F. OFFICER TO TRY FOR THE GLIDER RECORD IN THE UNITED STATES: Mr. F. N. Slingsby, designer of Britain's latest sailplane, the T 34, with Flight-Lieutenant Forbes, who is making the tests.** Flight-Lieutenant "Jock" Forbes, thirty-years-old head of the R.A.F. Home Command Gliding Instructors' School at Detling, near Maidstone, Kent, is leaving for the United States at the end of the month to attempt to beat the world glider altitude record of 35,500 ft. The British record is at present 21,000 ft. He is to make the attempt in the Sierra Nevada mountain range area in California, and is confident that with good conditions he will soar to 40,000 ft. In his record attempt, Flight-Lieutenant Forbes will wear a special pressure suit as protection against the rarefied atmosphere. Sealed instruments will record details of his ascent.

IN EDINBURGH—CELEBRATING THE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON CENTENARY: **Mr. J. B. Priestley, the author, and Mr. J. W. Herries, President of the R.L.S. Club, standing by the R.L.S. Memorial in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, during the ceremonies celebrating the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robert Louis Stevenson on November 13, 1850.** During a service in the Moray Aisle of St. Giles's wreaths were laid in front of the St. Gauden's Memorial. One was laid by Lord Provost Sir Andrew Murray on behalf of the city.

**A TUDOR MANSION IN SUFFOLK BECOMES ONE OF THE SHOW HOTELS OF BRITAIN: A front view of Seckford Hall, after its transformation into a first-class modern hotel.** Under the able direction of Sir Ralph Harwood (former Financial Secretary to the King and a Governor of the London School of Economics), Seckford Hall, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, has been transformed into a modern hotel with every comfort and first-class cuisine and cellar. Seckford is a Tudor mansion built in 1530 by Sir Thomas Seckford, member of an influential Suffolk family.

A WONDERFUL PICTURE OF A UNIQUE SCENE IN NORFOLK: **Tens of thousands of birds gather for the night over the tree-tops at Wormegay.** Like a veil drawn over the sky, as far as the distant tree-tops and beyond, is this uncountable multitude of starlings, airborne in a hubbub of beating wings and shrill cries, at Wormegay, near King's Lynn, Norfolk. This flying phenomenon testifies to the size of Britain's starling population, which recently caused Sir Herbert Williams, M.P., to ask the Minister of Health "what steps he proposes to take to prevent the fouling of buildings in London and elsewhere, due to the very large number of starlings which come into towns from the country every night."

**A CHINAMAN INVENTS A MACHINE TO REVOLUTIONISE MOTOR ENGINEERING: Fifty-three-year-old Mr. Sing Nam Chan in his two-roomed ground-floor flat in Kensington seen with his 11-lb. machine.** Mr. Chan claims to have perfected a machine which promises to be revolutionary in its effect. This device is an oil-gas converter, which refines the oil as the car travels along the road. "It can, in fact, do the job of a £40,000,000 oil refinery at a cost of less than £40." The inventor has been working for the past fifteen months, helped by the Ministry of Supply.

THE "WARSPITE" DRAMA LINGERS ON—THE OLD BATTLESHIP REMAINS ADAMANT AFTER ALL ATTEMPTS TO SHIFT HER FROM PRUSSIA COVE: **The salvage tug *Masterman* enters Newlyn Harbour with scuppers and deck awash after holing herself on a reef while attempting to tow the *Warspite* off the rocks in Mount's Bay, Cornwall. The veteran battleship, which went aground in Mount's Bay when en route to the shipbreakers over three years ago, is still proving difficult to move. At present men engaged in the salvage work are trying to get her to a Welsh shipbreaking yard, but owing to close-lying reefs the tugs are having some difficulty in approaching her, hence the damage which has been inflicted on the *Masterman*. By last February the hull of the warship had been completely stripped by the firm of shipbreakers which had taken over the salvage operations. Last March one man died from gas poisoning after fumes from a compressor in the battleship had penetrated a forward hold in which nine men were working.**

**A MACHINE TO DETERMINE SEX: Mr. Francis John Billington working on the interior of his "Nodal Indicator."** Invented by Mr. Billington at Kingskerwell, near Newton Abbot, Devon, the "Nodal Indicator" owes its existence to Mr. Billington and Father F. J. K. Glazewski, a Polish physicist priest. Over the past eighteen months the instrument has been used on a number of unsuspecting guinea-pigs. In its sex-determining tests the instrument has given a correct indication on each occasion for both humans and birds. A prototype of the instrument has been sold to a London clinic for experimental work. It is stated that the instrument records the energy released by human beings in the forms of circles which differ according to sex.

# THE END OF A CHAMPION

## Bruce Woodcock Goes Down to Defeat at the Hands of Jack Gardner

After eleven rounds' boxing at Earls Court on November 14, Bruce Woodcock, the British and Empire Heavyweight Champion, retired from the ring and his titles passed to Jack Gardner, the twenty-four-year-old ex-Guardsman of Market Harborough. At this stage Woodcock was suffering from a reopened wound over his eye, and it seemed to be only a matter of time before this trouble would have finished the fight anyway. Gardner, who carried on through the fight with a bleeding wound under his left eye, never let up. The punches he took were many and hard, but his own were also worrying Woodcock who, in the fourth round, it seemed, came very near to disaster. In the sixth round, when Gardner became aware of his cut, Woodcock again became the heavy hard-hitter, but still rather slow-thinking. From then on Woodcock started to tire, although managing at times to let fly with some rights, once more bringing Gardner's cut into reckoning. Gardner, however, was the stronger of the two and more able to fight back with the heavier weight which, at the end of the eleventh round forced the title-holder to sink into his corner. It was Bruce Woodcock's left eye which caused his defeat when he met Lee Savold.

THE END OF THE FIGHT—REFEREE EUGENE HENDERSON SIGNALS THAT THE CONTEST IS OVER AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE ELEVENTH ROUND: Bruce Woodcock, the former British and British Empire Heavyweight Champion, sits dejectedly in his corner of the ring at Earls Court, after his defeat last week by Jack Gardner of Leicester.

THE BITTERNESS OF DEFEAT—SECONDS EXAMINE THE RETIRING CHAMPION AFTER THE ELEVENTH ROUND: After the contest Woodcock announced his intention of retiring from the ring. He won his championship in 1945.

THE PRESS CONCENTRATE ON THE NEW CHAMPION: The battery of cameras before Jack Gardner after the fight.

WINNER, PROMOTER, LOSER—THE THREE PERSONALITIES AFTER THE CONTEST AT EARLS COURT: Left to right are Jack Gardner, the new Champion; Jack Solomons, the promoter; Bruce Woodcock, the retiring champion; and Tom Hurst, Woodcock's manager. The contest was scheduled to be a fifteen-round bout. Gardner showed little damage after his victory.

THE FORMER CHAMPION RETIRES: Bruce Woodcock with his left eye closed and the other screwed up.

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*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# THE LETTERS OF MARCEL PROUST

*An Insight for His Readers by Mrs. Mina Curtiss: Mr. A. Craig Bell's Biography of Alexandre Dumas*

THE enigma of Marcel Proust is one that all the readers of his novels, or those who have read his novels with intelligence and insight, will want to solve, and the selection of his letters just published will help incalculably to this end. For most of his life Proust was in bad health and spent months and even years closeted in his rooms, which were made as soundproof as possible. From here, with occasional visits to Normandy, and occasional excursions into the highest circles of French society, Proust turned out the twelve volumes of his extraordinary work, and also a very great number of letters to his many friends. The most remarkable thing about this correspondence is that in almost every case it was preserved, and Mrs. Mina Curtiss has been able to draw on a wide field in her edition and translation of the LETTERS OF MARCEL PROUST (Chatto and Windus. 21s.). These include a few brief notes, but in the main letters of some length to such varied and contrasted characters as Prince Antoine Bibesco; the journalist, Robert Dreyfus; Rene Blum; Andre Gide; a well-known Edwardian hostess; the poet, Comtesse de Noailles, the critic, Boulenger, and many others. His moods varied from the warmest affection to exasperation, and from curtness to sycophancy, but each of the letters is vividly expressive of the man and the writer, and the collection will be an invaluable guide to one of the most influential of French novelists.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS (Cassell. 30s.) was in everything he did and everything he wrote a little larger than life, and Mr. A. Craig Bell's biography of him emphasizes this blend of grandeur and the baroque, of nobility and licence to a degree that is very effective. Dumas wrote sixty plays and literally hundreds of books. His output was fabulous and his fame in the mid-nineteenth century a fable, too. Victor Hugo wrote of him that his name was more than French; it was European, and more than European; that it was universal, and this eulogy was justified. Yet when Dumas died he had no money left and had been pawning his effects, and his mind was as exhausted as his body. Dumas makes a fascinating study with his extravagance, his share of coloured blood, his rich imagination, and his love for company of all sorts. His friends were chosen from every stratum of society, and if they included Garibaldi and George Sand, they also numbered courtesans, spongers and other disreputable beings. His vitality was enormous and he spent it on pleasure as on his creative work. He will always be known for *The Three Musketeers* and for *The Count of Monte Cristo* among all that fantastic volume of work, but he should be remembered, too, as a man, and as a legend.

**ERNEST THESIGER AS VOLTAIRE IN OLD AGE:** One of the 134 drawings of favourite models, scenes and subjects in *Drawings*, by Sir William Russell Flint (Collins. 4 guineas). The range of Sir William's achievement, as illustrated in this book, spreads from the nude study, of which he is an acknowledged master, to the landscape drawing and the pencil portrait.

French, and now English, with A. P. Herbert's account of his fourteen years in the House of Commons. INDEPENDENT MEMBER (Methuen. 21s.) is as lively, as controversial and as full of good spirits as one would expect from Sir Alan, but rather more wordy. Naturally, in fourteen years of Parliamentary experience there is much to be told, whether in salty anecdote or sober record, but the book is a very long one for all that, and I could have wished sometimes that the ex-M.P.'s blue pencil were as pointed as his pen. Sir Alan was Independent Member for Oxford University from 1935, and later Senior Burgess, to his understandable pride, but University membership has now been abolished, to the strong indignation of many voters—and some former Members—and Sir Alan now concentrates less officially on his excellent causes and, as always, on his writing, whether grave or gay. Many of the most stimulating passages of the book refer to the author's war experiences, which swung between attendance at the House and duty in the *Water Gipsy*, his frail but staunch little river craft which he managed to arm, and to serve in as a Petty Officer. At one moment he travelled to Newfoundland as one of a Parliamentary mission, and typically, returned in a destroyer. It was in 1943, and the Atlantic was at its most unpleasant, but he managed to send a signal in verse to Mr. Churchill, then crossing in the *Renown*, and in July 1944 stayed with Field Marshal Montgomery at his Tactical H.Q., which consisted of a group of caravans in a wood. In the meantime, he had written the "books" and lyrics for Cochran revues, and an excellent and astringent verse, beginning: "*Let's have less nonsense from the friends of Joe,*" and ending, "*Honour the Kremlin, boys, but now and then, Admit some signs of grace at Number Ten,*" which in October 1942 was timely.

Another Englishman, and one even more interested in boats, if that is possible, is Mr. Edward Allcard, who last year sailed alone across the Atlantic, from the Helford River, *via* Gibraltar to New York, a journey of 6,000 miles. SINGLE-HANDED PASSAGE (Putnam. 10s. 6d.) is his uncomplicated and modest account of this extraordinary journey in a 34-ft. yawl which was a middle-aged lady of forty when he set out on his adventure, and thus considerably older than her navigator. Mr. Allcard writes without pretensions, either literary or nautical, although he has years of experience of sailing, and he adds two or three practical pages on what he calls "Deep-Sea Sense" at the end of the book, which should be of prime interest to the amateur sailor.

When Mr. Samuel Shellabarger undertakes an historical subject, it is in the romantic manner and with a considerable flourish. He writes vigorously and at length, and is certainly not the writer to spoil the ship, or any structure, for a ha'p'orth of tar. BLAISE OF FRANCE (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a young man who owes allegiance to the Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France, but who is serving in the army of King Francis I of France as the book opens. The kingdom is disturbed; Italy threatens war, and England holds Calais. The setting is as dramatic as any that the author could choose, and with a "*Corbleu!*" or two from the men, and a "spirituelle" or two from the ladies, he arranges his stage with great effect, though with more flamboyance than sober reconstruction. An entertaining novel in its own hearty genre, and as dashing in style as a floating banner from a castle keep.

Miss Georgette Heyer chooses the period just after Waterloo, and the venue of Berkeley Square and Rotten Row for her new novel, THE GRAND SOPHY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), a lively novel which she appears to have enjoyed writing if its high spirits and general gaiety are any indication. The lady Sophy is an amusing character, with plenty of fire, a nature more decisive and authoritative than most Regency heroines, and a distinct tendency to bully if matters are not arranged according to her bent. I enjoyed the book th[illegible] and appreciated, as ever, the exquisite care [illegible] Heyer's reconstructions of her chosen period.

**THE ADVENTURES OF POM, FLORA AND ALEXANDER** An amusing painting from Laurait de Brunhoff's illustrated book *Picnic at Babar's* (Methuen. 12s. 6d.). Through the travels of the three young elephants which go for a day's picnic, the young reader is introduced to several animals and customs of the bush. The letterpress is hand-written, so should prove popular with the family.

THE CIRCLE OF THE MINOTAUR (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d.) contains two short novels by Mr. Stuart Hood, both of them of interesting and sensitive quality, but of more promise than attainment. The first and title story deals with [illegible] after the fall of Mussolini, and after the Allies have advanced north of Florence, and is a study of motive and reputations among a small community which is involved in the early Fascist fighting, the underground movement and its aftermath. The second story, "The Fisherman's Daughter," is briefer and has more tension. It is a tale of a man's existence between prison and crossing the frontier, and it is built up to a crescendo of intensity and violence. I found it less satisfactory than the longer story but far from dull, and look forward to seeing further work by this author.

Dan Billany was thirty-two when he was killed in 1945, trying to put an end to the activities of an informer in Italy. Before he died he had written THE TRAP (Faber. 10s. 6d.), and this novel has now been published without revision. It is extraordinarily effective, even without the editing that the young author might have done, and is genuinely moving. He wrote with force and with a lavish and often uneven pouring out of thoughts and opinions, confused with descriptions and action. It is always a bitter thing to see a young talent ended like this.

# FLAUBERT TO FITZGERALD

## TWO GREAT REALISTS IN THE REALM OF FICTION

Two great realists in the realm of fiction, whose stature grows with the years, who both regarded their art with deep seriousness, and who, beyond their technical skill, have little or nothing in common, command our attention this week by reason of two important and welcome reprints. The first of them is Gustave Flaubert, whose THREE TALES (Arthur Barker. 6s.) are presented in a new translation by Mervyn Savill. They are "A Simple Heart," "The Legend of St. Julian" and "Herodias." Mr. Savill has accomplished his supremely difficult task with skill and sympathy. It is hard indeed to translate an author who sought so diligently for the right word and polished his work with such untiring zeal. He is particularly successful in re-creating the atmosphere of the Norman countryside which Flaubert portrayed in "A Simple Heart." This is a truly great short story, serene and infinitely moving in its simplicity, but imparting the same sense of power which pervaded the tumultuous pages of *Madame Bovary*.

The second great realist (far removed in time from Flaubert, the heir of Balzac, the predecessor of the de Goncourts and Zola) is F. Scott Fitzgerald, the chronicler of the wild '20's, the fierce critic of American ways of life, the faithful recorder of the "Jazz Age." His novel THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED is now reprinted by the Grey Walls Press (12s. 6d.) in their standard edition. This is a superb piece of craftsmanship, and, like *The Great Gatsby*, it shows that it can stand the test of the years. The sense of sordid hopelessness of people like ships adrift and rudderless upon a sea of despair is conveyed with ruthless realism, but this story of lost week-ends, of wild debauchery, itself possesses both direction and purpose, the very qualities so patently lacking in its drab "heroes and heroines." *The Beautiful and Damned* fully repays re-reading, and perhaps many who read the novel originally, and were absorbed in the fierce heat of tragedy, will find that a new perusal will give opportunity for studying the technique of a master-craftsman; for such indeed was the luckless Fitzgerald, who was very much a part of all that he met in those "hangover years" of the '20's, but who had the genius to record it with the same laborious skill with which Flaubert, the realist, recorded the French scene a century before him.

Charles Lamb, who stands as an essayist side by side with Sir Thomas Browne, Montaigne, Steele and Addison, uniting many of the characteristics of these writers, was also a letter-writer of no mean ability, and the refined and exquisite humour, the vein of pleasantry, the pathos of his works intended for publication is found also in his letters to friends, to Coleridge, Robert Southey, and the Wordsworths, to all the members of that stimulating circle he loved so well. In THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB (Grey Walls Press. 12s. 6d.). George Woodcock has brought together some of the best of the letters, particularly those which were in a very direct way linked with ideas Lamb later developed in essay form; those, too, which bring out the warm-hearted humanity of the man who was loved so well in his own day. Lamb's ideas on life and literature are well brought out in these pages, and the book is a worthy addition to the "Grey Walls Letters" Series now being published under the general editorship of Wrey Gardiner.

As part of its campaign to improve the standards of horsemanship among young riders The Pony Club has issued a new publication—THE PONY CLUB ANNUAL (Naldrett Press. 10s. 6d.) Here young riders will find the sage advice of some of the leading experts in the country, and they may pick up many useful hints on how to improve their riding, how to look after a pony, and how to get the best out of him. The annual bears all the stamp of being an ideal gift for boys and girls with a flair for riding and the show-ring. It is not a dry-as-dust text-book, as there are many entertaining feature articles, stories, a competition, and a wealth of photographs.

The "New Naturalist" Series is enriched by J. E Lousley's WILD FLOWERS OF CHALK AND LIMESTONE (Collins. 21s.). Mr. Lousley's vivid and authoritative presentation of his subject is the result of long explorations, particularly among the woods and chalk downs of South-Eastern England. This is the first volume in the series to be devoted to the wild flowers of a particular habitat. The book will undoubtedly urge many enthusiasts to follow in the author's footsteps.

Another volume for the enthusiast, but in quite a different direction, is B.B.C. FEATURES (Evans. 10s. 6d.), edited by Laurence Gilliam. Here in book form are re-created some of the great broadcasts of the past year: in addition, the editor lets his readers into some of the secrets of how a broadcast is made

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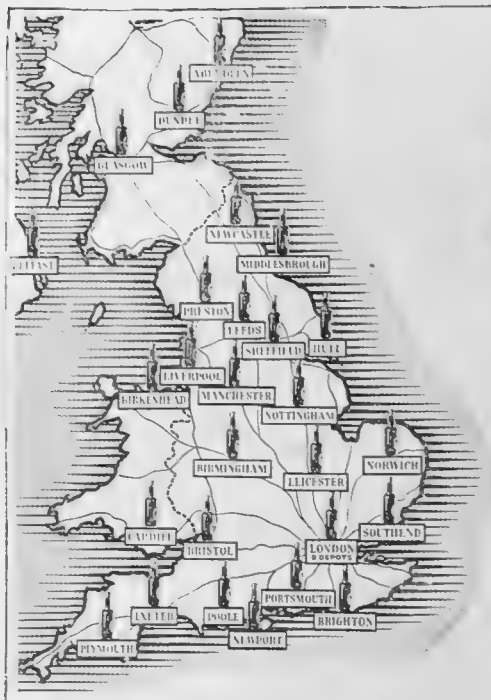


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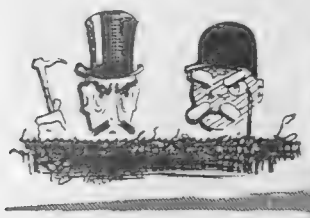

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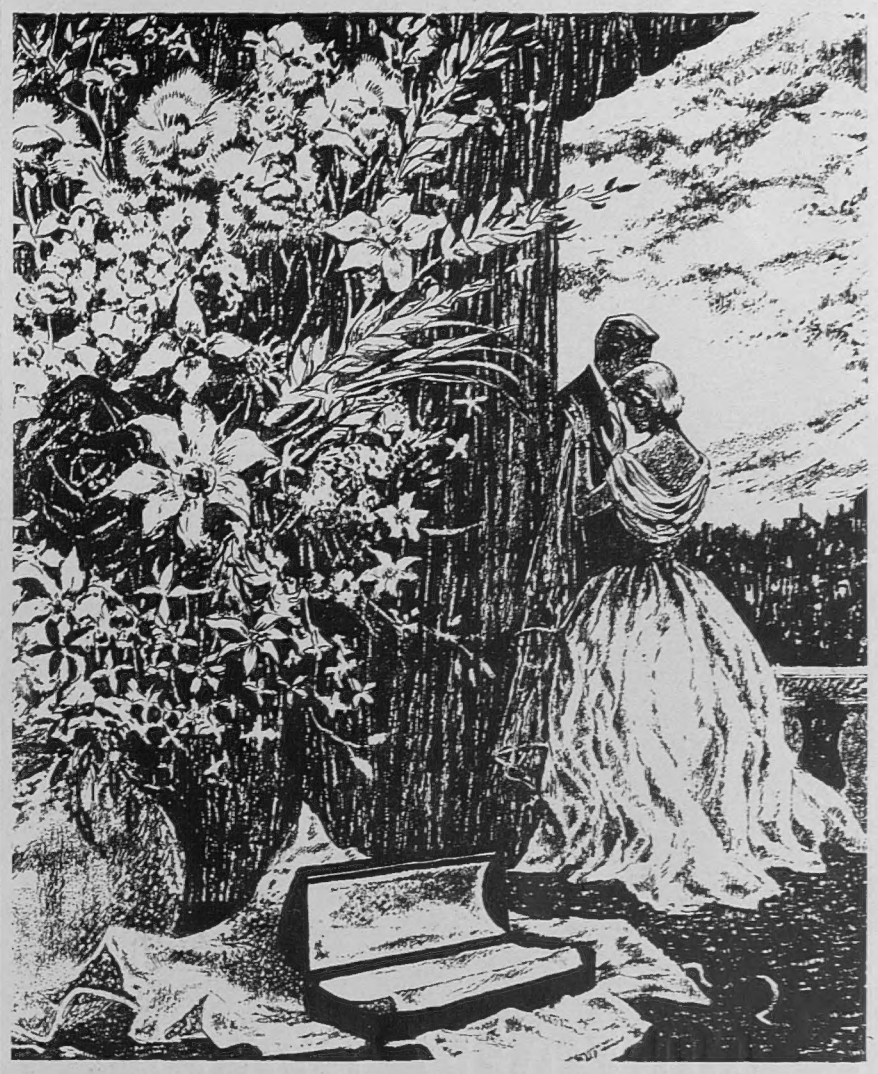

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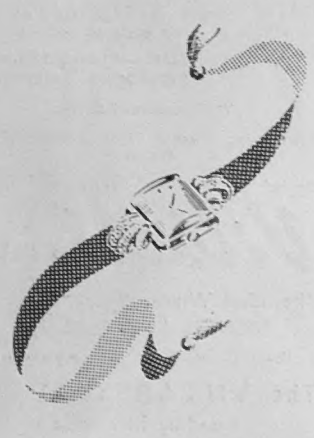

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